



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

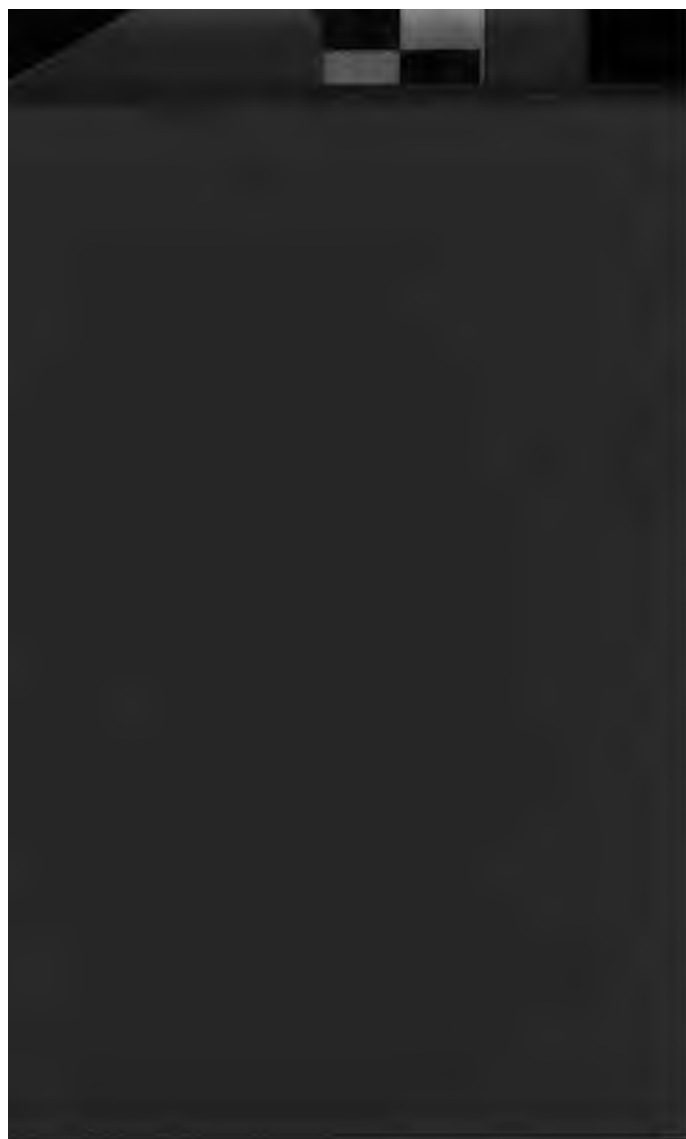
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

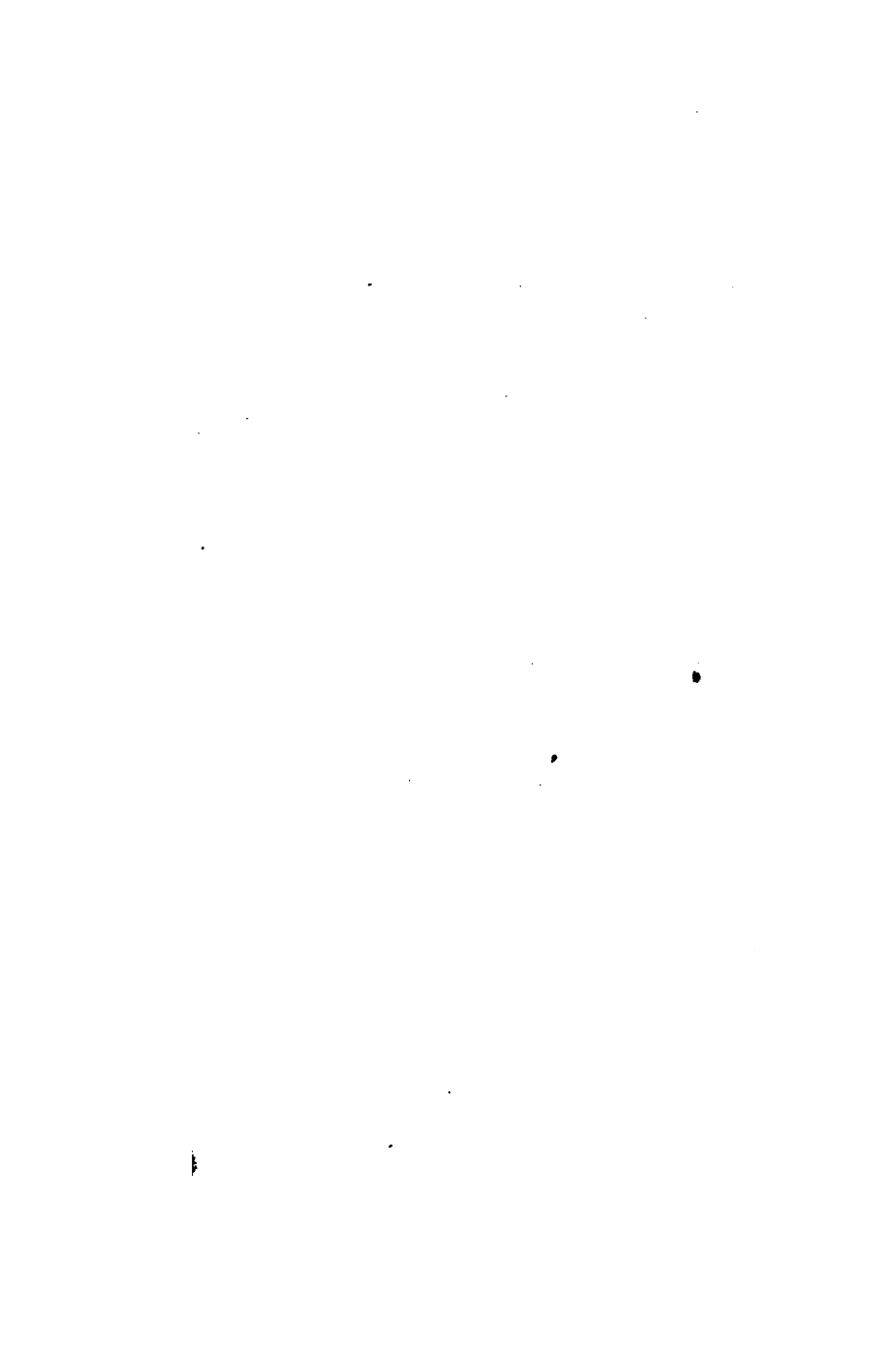
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

The  
HYMNS

OF  
DENMARK







*THE HYMNS OF DENMARK*



# THE HYMNS OF DENMARK

TRANSLATED BY GILBERT TAIT



STRAHAN AND CO., PUBLISHERS  
56, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

1868

147. g 156.



PRINTED BY J. E. TAYLOR AND CO.,  
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.



## PREFACE.

---

**ONE** of Luther's most momentous and most lasting services was the impulse he gave to the composition of hymns in the language of the people. His passionate sympathies, his devout spirit, his musical enthusiasm, his power of expression, all eminently fitted him to be a true psalmist, and his hymns have been, for more than three centuries, the treasure and the pleasure of the Protestant Church. As a writer of hymns, Luther has found many imitators; but, though not a few may have surpassed him in unction, tenderness, and artistic finish, no

one, however gifted, has equalled his rugged lyrical energy. In hymns Germany may be said to have been almost too prolific; for an able German hymnologist states that his country can boast of possessing nearly a hundred thousand. Supposing the majority thereof to be mere commonplace echoes, how vast the hymnal wealth of Germany still remains!

The Reformation, in its Lutheran shape and spirit, rolled, almost at its outset, northward. Denmark welcomed it; and it encountered little opposition, except on the part of the more conservative clergy. There, as elsewhere, worldly elements hastened the great change, modified the successive phases of the great revolution. There were Catholic reactions; but the new ideas had taken firm root in the heart of the people, and the obstructives, noble and ignoble, retired in discomfiture and dismay.

From the thoroughly Lutheran character of the Reformation in Denmark arose a thoroughly Lutheran Church; and by political vicissitudes or intellectual movements, the Danish Church

---

has never been seriously menaced. On its ultimate destiny this is not the place to speculate.

As writers of hymns the Danes have done little more than cultivate a small spot of the mighty Lutheran vineyard. But they have not been servile copyists; they have burned with inspirations of their own, have manifested a marked individuality, as if the northern breath were still blowing on them, which made them, in the remote past, the bravest of the brave.

To render into English some of the best Danish Hymns we have deemed a task not unworthy or profitless. We have selected those which appeared to combine in the largest degree religious fulness and lyrical fervour. Without this combination, a hymn, however otherwise remarkable, cannot be a good hymn. The substitution of the didactic for the dithyrambic converts the hymn into a bad sermon or worse prayer. God or Christ is preached to, and the people are preached at, and interjections gasp and stalk ghastly in a wilderness of sentimental,

or rhetorical, or dogmatic prose. How different this from the cry of the contrite or ecstatic soul to God the Father and Jesus the Redeemer!

Honestly and earnestly we have striven to translate faithfully. But faithful translation aims at reproducing the spirit more than the substance, and the substance more than the letter. Literal translation may be, of all modes of translation, the most unfaithful. What is idiomatic beauty or charming simplicity in one language may be prosaic or puerile when translated word for word into another. By pompous circumlocutions and tawdry embellishments we should indeed be treacherous interpreters. But we are the most loyal of interpreters, if, when welcoming and introducing the stranger who has come far over land and sea to be our guest, we enable him to speak as would speak one of our own countrymen. In this way, and to this extent, we have had the ambition to be the most faithful of translators.

Some eminent English hymnologists have recently denounced the attempts to acclimatize

foreign hymns, as mischievous and mistaken. But, however original a literature may be, three-fourths of whatsoever it accomplishes or produces are endeavours, conscious or unconscious, successful or unsuccessful, to acclimatize. It is pitiful pedantry therefore, or still more pitiful bigotry, to declare that we are to have no hymns but those of home manufacture. How are the home manufacturers of hymns to proceed so as absolutely to exclude all foreign influences? What are the Bible itself and the religion founded on the Bible but importations? Are not the Psalms of David foreign hymns, hymns that have travelled to us in their gleam and greatness from an Oriental clime, though now they are the common heritage of Christendom? When in both the body and soul of the Church so much is adaptation and appropriation from Hebrew and Greek and Latin, why banish foreign hymns as intruders? Religion, alike in its instincts and its valours, has a wider catholicity than literature. And if Germany places Shakspeare on a higher throne than

Goethe, and if England exalts Dante almost to an equality with Shakspeare, why, in a more sacred region, should not a like hospitality be offered ?

Dismissing, however, this and all other controverted matters, we, in utmost humility and fervour, commend to devout hearts our gleanings from the hardy groves growing round northern simples,—groves whose odours, blending with perfumes from Palestine, may refresh and gladden.



## CONTENTS.

---

### PART FIRST.

#### THE GLORY OF GOD.

	PAGE
HYMN OF PRAISE . . . . .	<i>Pawels</i> 3
HYMN OF PRAISE . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 6
THE ETERNITY OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Zettlitz</i> 10
THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Boye</i> 13
THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 16
THE GRACE OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Sthen</i> 18
THE GOD OF MERCY . . . . .	<i>Wexels</i> 21
TRUST IN GOD . . . . .	<i>Hjort</i> 23
THE TRUE COMFORTER . . . . .	<i>Ingemann</i> 25

### PART SECOND.

#### THE REDEEMER.

THE NATIVITY . . . . .	<i>Kingo</i> 29
THE NATIVITY . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 32



	PAGE
THE JOY OF SIMEON . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 35
THE DIVINE ROSE . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 38
THE TRANSFIGURATION . . . . .	<i>Kingo</i> 41
THE TEARS OF JESUS . . . . .	<i>Ingemann</i> 44
THE CRUCIFIXION . . . . .	<i>Plum</i> 46
THE CRUCIFIXION . . . . .	<i>Sporon</i> 48
CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> 51
THE CROSS OF CHRIST . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> 53
THE RESURRECTION . . . . .	<i>Ramus</i> 56
THE RESURRECTION . . . . .	<i>Kingo</i> 58
THE GOOD SHEPHERD . . . . .	<i>Arrobo</i> 61
CHRIST KING AND JUDGE . . . . .	<i>Ingemann</i> 64
CHRIST AS LORD . . . . .	<i>Kampmann</i> 66

## PART THIRD.

## REDEMPTION.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST . . . . .	<i>Kampmann</i> 71
THE NAME OF JESUS . . . . .	<i>Storm</i> 73
TIDINGS OF SALVATION . . . . .	<i>Ingemann</i> 75
THE HOLY SPIRIT . . . . .	<i>Christensen</i> 79
THE EXCELLENCE OF GRACE . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 82
GRACE ABOUNDING . . . . .	<i>Ingemann</i> 84
GRACE AND RETRIBUTION . . . . .	<i>Brun</i> 87
CALL TO REPENTANCE . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 90
TRUST IN CHRIST . . . . .	<i>Kampmann</i> 93
THE WORD OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> 95
THE WORD OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Hjort</i> 98

---

# CONTENTS.

---

xiii

	PAGE
THE WORD OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 100
THE VOICE OF THE SHEPHERD . . . . .	<i>Frimann</i> 102
THE CHURCH OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Oldenburg</i> 104
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST . . . . .	<i>Boye</i> 106
REFORMATION AND MISSIONS . . . . .	<i>Birhedal</i> 108
THE BATTLE OF FAITH . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 111
TRIAL AND FAITH . . . . .	<i>Kingo</i> 114
WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER . . . . .	<i>Liebenberg</i> 116
THE VICTORY OF FAITH . . . . .	<i>Hjort</i> 118
THE MOUNTAIN OF HOLINESS . . . . .	<i>Heilmann</i> 120
THE NAZARETH OF THE SOUL . . . . .	<i>Kingo</i> 123
THE EMMAUS OF THE SOUL . . . . .	<i>Boye</i> 126
THE SPIRITUAL RECKONING . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 128
CONTRITION . . . . .	<i>Timm</i> 131
THE CONFLICTS OF THE SOUL . . . . .	<i>Rothe</i> 133
THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL . . . . .	<i>Ingemann</i> 135
THE FRUITS OF SUFFERING . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 137
ASPIRATIONS . . . . .	<i>Oehlenschlaeger</i> 140
CONSOLATION . . . . .	<i>Hammerich</i> 143
THE GUARDIAN OF THE SOUL . . . . .	<i>Kampmann</i> 146
BROTHERLY LOVE . . . . .	<i>Kampmann</i> 148
BROTHERLY LOVE . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 150
FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY . . . . .	<i>Grundtvig</i> 153
THE TRANSITORINESS OF LIFE . . . . .	<i>Kampmann</i> 156
THE HOUR OF DEATH . . . . .	<i>Naur</i> 158
THE CONQUEROR OF DEATH . . . . .	<i>Ewald</i> 160
HEAVEN AND EARTH . . . . .	<i>Timm</i> 162
THE LAST JUDGMENT . . . . .	<i>Hjort</i> 165
THE JOYS OF THE REDEEMED . . . . .	<i>Brorson</i> 168

## PART FOURTH.

## SEASONS.

	PAGE
SEEDTIME . . . . .	<i>Rasmussen</i> 175
SUMMER . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> 177
HARVEST . . . . .	<i>Zellitz</i> 180
AUTUMN . . . . .	<i>Grundtvig</i> 183
THE ADVENT OF WINTER . . . . .	<i>Boye</i> 187
CHRISTMAS . . . . .	<i>Kampmann</i> 190
CHRISTMAS . . . . .	<i>Ramus</i> 192
THE DYING YEAR . . . . .	<i>Lund</i> 194
THE NEW YEAR . . . . .	<i>Timm</i> 196
THE CHURCH'S YEAR . . . . .	<i>Pram—Gad</i> 199
MORNING . . . . .	<i>Ingemann</i> 201
EVENING . . . . .	<i>Kingo</i> 204
SABBATH MORN . . . . .	<i>Grundtvig</i> 207

## PART FIFTH.

## SERVICES AND RITES.

PUBLIC WORSHIP . . . . .	<i>Hjort</i> 211
BAPTISMS . . . . .	<i>Grundtvig</i> 213
CONFIRMATION . . . . .	<i>Frimann</i> 215
THE LORD'S SUPPER . . . . .	<i>Boye</i> 217
MARRIAGE . . . . .	<i>Malling</i> 221
THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH . . . . .	<i>Frimann</i> 223
ORDINATION OF PASTORS . . . . .	<i>Kingo</i> 226

---

**CONTENTS.****XV**

---

	<b>PAGE</b>
<b>FUNERAL HYMN . . . . .</b> <i>Frimann</i>	<b>229</b>
<b>FUNERAL HYMN . . . . .</b> <i>Thaarup</i>	<b>231</b>
<b>BURIAL AT SEA . . . . .</b> <i>Frimann</i>	<b>233</b>

**PART SIXTH.****PERSONAL RELATIONS.**

<b>THE FATHERLAND . . . . .</b> <i>Brorson</i>	<b>237</b>
<b>THE NATIONAL COUNCIL . . . . .</b> <i>Smith</i>	<b>240</b>
<b>RANKS AND CONDITIONS . . . . .</b> <i>Frimann</i>	<b>242</b>
<b>WAR . . . . .</b> <i>Hjort</i>	<b>244</b>
<b>GRACE BEFORE MEAT . . . . .</b> <i>Kingo</i>	<b>246</b>
<b>GRACE AFTER MEAT . . . . .</b> <i>Kingo</i>	<b>247</b>
<b>HUSBANDMAN'S HYMN . . . . .</b> <i>Hammerich</i>	<b>250</b>
<b>THE MARINER'S DEPARTURE . . . . .</b> <i>Frimann</i>	<b>252</b>
<b>THE MARINER'S RETURN . . . . .</b> <i>Frimann</i>	<b>254</b>
<b>THE MOTHER'S HYMN . . . . .</b> <i>Thomissoen</i>	<b>256</b>
<b>CHILD'S HYMN . . . . .</b> <i>Hjort</i>	<b>258</b>
<b>HYMN OF THE SICK . . . . .</b> <i>Kingo</i>	<b>260</b>
<b>HYMN OF THE OLD . . . . .</b> <i>Hygom</i>	<b>263</b>



*PART FIRST.*

THE GLORY OF GOD.

.





## HYMN OF PRAISE.

*PAWELS.*

1.



REAT art Thou, God ! The vast an-  
gelic host  
Delights Thy splendour and Thy  
might to boast.

O Thou that dwellest far above the sky !  
The thunder's crash, the genial breath of spring,  
The gorgeous sun, night with its murky wing,  
Proclaim Thy majesty.



## II.

Good art Thou, God ! Thy messengers sublime,  
And we poor clay-born travellers of time,  
And lowest worms that crawl, Thy mercy  
share ;  
The changing seasons manifest Thy love ;  
Fierce ice below and whirlwinds wild above  
Tell of a Father's care.

## III.

When Thou to judgment sinful men dost call,  
When trembles earth and mighty cities fall ;  
Silent, gloomed round with terror, I adore :  
But when Thou speakest peace all creatures  
praise,  
That Thou whose power creation all obeys  
Art pity evermore.

## IV.

Why should my feeble heart despond or dread ?  
Behold I not Thy goodness boundless shed ?  
What is Thy love but Thine omnipotence ?

Let fire devour, let headlong oceans drown  
This solid globe, I still should wear Faith's  
crown ;  
Still trust Thy love immense.

## v.

Death's night, the ghastly shadows of the grave  
Alarm me not ; inspired by faith, I, brave,  
March with sure step to my sure heritage.  
Come death, courageous, joyous I face death ;  
Come judgment, I remember Him who saith  
He loves from age to age.

## HYMN OF PRAISE.

*BRORSON.*

I.



O Thee our orisons we raise,  
O Father, and Thy Son we praise,  
Thy Holy Spirit bless.  
The glory of Thy throne how bright !  
How marvellous Thy sceptre's might,  
Thy reign of righteousness !  
With holiness too grand for human thought,  
With loving-kindness warm and deep,  
Thou dost Thy kingdom rule and keep ;—  
Oh, mystery we never can be taught !

## II.

That Thou art noblest majesty,  
The spacious earth, the lofty sky,  
The ocean deep proclaim ;  
But nought is this magnificence  
Before Thy being,—dread, immense  
The glory of Thy name.  
Yet though sublime in nature, in Thy soul,  
Sublimar far, Thou lovest me,  
Liftest my lowliness to Thee ;  
To me Thy inmost raptures dost unroll.

## III.

Ah ! woe is me, the heedless crowd,  
While hosts of worlds are lauding loud,  
Utters no holy song.  
Creation ever men behold,  
See Thee Thy wonders great unfold ;  
Yet, blind and foolish throng,  
See as if seeing not ; though fire and air,  
And sea and land, and star and flower,  
Each grain of sand, each drop, Thy power,  
Thy radiant plenitude of life declare.

## IV.

A boundless realm Thy word reveals,  
A boundless realm Thy word conceals,—  
The mystic realm of grace.  
How fitly sing Thy tenderness?  
Our silence oft can best express  
Our love. Oh, veil thy face  
And hush thy lips, wouldst thou adore divine  
Him the divinest! But the joy  
That gives my silence speech, employ,  
Is that this God of grace and faith is mine.

## V.

Yea! Thou art mine, Thou God most dear;  
Salvation, Lord, from sphere to sphere,  
How gladly would I sound!  
Still, but to name Thee sanctifies  
Our feeblest sighs, our feeblest cries,  
And makes this barren ground,  
Scene of our toils, an Eden of delight;  
Yet when our pure and thankful heart  
In heaven discerns Thee as Thou art,  
The brightest past will seem a thing of night.

## VI.

I see Thee as I yearn to see,  
And as Thou wouldst be seen by me,  
Because I see with trust ;  
Yet all I see and all I know,  
And all I ponder here below,  
Is as a grain of dust,  
Before the knowledge, infinite and clear,  
Poured on my glowing mind,  
When present with my Father kind,  
I taste the awe of the eternal year.

## VII.

Up, up, my soul, from this dull clod,  
Up to thy Father and thy God,  
Who dwells where angels dwell :  
Up, up, my bosom, to the skies,  
And join the choral ecstasies  
From sun to sun that swell,  
The saints, the blessed spirits, scatter down,  
While Holy, Holy, they exclaim,  
And celebrate Thy kingly name,  
The pang, the pride of earth, the cross, the  
crown.

## THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

*ZETLITZ.*

### I.



LOVELY is earth, in gladness opulent,  
And heaven's firmament is strong ;  
They as a garment shall wax old, be  
rent,

Shall perish, though their reign be long.  
He who from nothing called them by his nod,  
Remains the same, is the Eternal God.

### II.

Ere Time arose, and ere the regal sun  
To world on world gave life and light,—

Ere man sprang forth to see what God had done,  
And glorify His love and might,—  
Ere the rapt seraph grandly breathed God's  
praise,  
He lived, the Lord of everlasting days.

## III.

If all things, in the whirl of fiercest ire,  
Were wildly trampled, torn, and crushed ;  
If the whole universe, in gulfs of fire,  
To hideous ruin madly rushed ;  
If Nature, sweetest, noblest, were to die,  
God still would be His own eternity.

## IV.

Rises the sun and shines benign, goes down ;  
Day chaseth night, night chaseth day ;  
Earth pours her treasures, wears her gorgeous  
crown ;  
Then treasures, crown alike decay.  
What is immensity but change immense ?  
Yet varies not God's being, high, intense.



## V.

Yea, God, Thou art immutable, and Thou  
Defiest Death, and scornest Time ;  
Never shall be my hope less bright than now,  
For its foundation is sublime.  
Father, Thou hast been our Redeemer great,  
And Thou wilt be our God compassionate.

## VI.

Then let all earthly gladness fade, depart,  
And let all earthly hopes grow dim ;  
Let from my lips the cry of anguish dart,  
And let my eyes in sorrow swim ;  
In joy, affliction's cry and tear shall end :  
Thou, God, consolest, Thou, Immortal Friend !

## THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

BOYE.

I.



OMNISCIENT God! Thine eye  
cleaves through my heart;  
Swift to my dawning thoughts Thy  
glances dart:  
No faintest impulse kindleth, stirreth me  
Unseen by Thee.

II.

Unveiled to Thee, O God, are all my ways;  
My secret dreams are open to Thy gaze;  
My deeds, oft bad and impiously bold,  
Dost Thou behold.

## III.

O God, where can I from Thy presence hide ?  
Oh, whither fly where Thou dost not abide ?  
Climb I the highest heaven, Thou art there,  
A kingly glare.

## IV.

Sweep I far down to ocean's deepest caves,  
I find no refuge in a million waves ;  
Seek I the sun on his grand eastern hill,  
I meet Thee still.

## V.

Take I as garment dread the thickest night,  
The garment melts away ; lo ! all is bright ;  
Darkness is light to Thee, the cloud a fire,—  
Throne of Thine ire.

## VI.

Oh, let this truth sublime to wisdom wake,  
And teach me, help me evil to forsake.  
May my whole life as loving homage rise,  
To loving skies.

VII.

And though I stumble, may I never fall !  
The weak Thou hearest who for succour call ;  
And if we combat bravely, Thou art near  
To aid, to cheer.

## THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

BRORSON.

### I.



HERE God me leadeth glad I go ;  
He, and not I, shall counsel, guide ;  
And cometh bliss or cometh woe,  
I hail whatever may betide.  
Me, lowly one, God leadeth home ;  
Held by His hand I trusting roam,  
Or, leaning on his heart, abide.

### II.

Where God me leadeth, I will give  
Myself, my all to Him alone ;  
My being's fashion, why I live,  
While buried in the deep unknown,

I lay with countless things unborn,  
He knew. Oh, marvel great, oh, scorn,  
That I should call my life my own !

## III.

Where God me leadeth, strong and calm  
In faith and hope and joy I rest.  
Is God my buckler, banquet, balm,—  
What can me sever from His breast ?  
Oh, why should I not valiant be,  
When, Father, I exulting see  
The way of God is ever best ?

## IV.

Where God me leadeth I will go,  
Although with stumbling, bleeding feet ;  
Although I know not, cannot know,  
For what my toil and march are meet :  
My refuge is His faithfulness ;  
And through the awful wilderness  
I reach my Father's mercy-seat.

## THE GRACE OF GOD.

*STHEN.*

I.



Y God, my God, for Thee I pine !  
A heritage of woe is mine ;  
In Thee alone is all my trust ;  
A bulwark is Thy Word to me ;  
Thy grace can make me glad and free :  
Compassionate the child of dust.

II.

Before temptation I am frail ;  
Me sins, a countless host, assail.  
O Father, succour and sustain,—  
In life, in death Thy help I need ;  
Be Thou my God, my God indeed,—  
I praise Thee, Healer of my pain.

## III.

Fainteth my weak and burdened heart,—  
Transgression's terrors through it dart ;  
    But Holy Jesus died to save ;  
On Him, the Mighty, I rely,  
Who gave me back the vanished sky,  
    By vanquishing the awful grave.

## IV.

Although all life obeys Thy rule,  
Mine shalt Thou be, Thou Beautiful,  
    Blessed be my Redeemer's name !  
Thou Merciful, oh, sever not  
The bond that binds Thee to my lot ;  
    For ever shield, Thou valiant Flame.

## V.

Thou, Father, God, didst me create ;  
Cry not to me, Too late, too late,—  
    My hope is in Thee evermore.  
Thou, Son of God, didst me redeem ;  
Enrich, enliven with Thy gleam ;  
    Perfect the work begun before.



## VI.

Thou, Holy Spirit, counsel, guide,  
As wisdom, joy, and power abide  
In my renewed, adoring breast ;  
Earth's labours may I cheerful share !  
My cross with patience may I bear !  
Then gain the everlasting rest.

## THE GOD OF MERCY.

*WEXELS.*

### I.



VERY brightness in life's night,  
Every solace in life's grief;  
In our bosom each delight,  
Every rapture or relief:  
All of beautiful we see;  
All of grand our spirit knows;  
All, O Father, comes from Thee,  
From Thy boundless bounty flows.

### II.

All in mercy hath its root;  
All from Truth's deep fountain darts,  
And the lavish waters shoot,  
Living as our living hearts.

Fruitful, rich our being make,—  
Glad and lovely and divine;  
Then the rays enchanting break,  
And the flowers in sweetness shine.

## III.

Yea! thou God compassionate,  
With a Father's tender care,  
Eden dost again create,  
And no sin, no pain is there.  
Me a sinner Thou dost save,  
In Christ's high and holy name;  
And Thy bosom is the grave,  
Burying my sorrow, shame.

## TRUST IN GOD.

*HJORT.*

### I.



IFE'S bitter trials, earth's despair,  
The darkest sorrows crush me not ;  
To Thee my weight of woe I bear,  
Great God, thou guardian of my lot.  
My bosom finds in Thee alone  
Its grandest strength, its sweetest balm ;  
And sheltered by Thy mighty throne,  
I conquer, I am brave and calm.

### II.

I know Thy mercy changeth pain  
To joy and blessedness and peace ;  
All worldly loss is holy gain,—  
A rapture that can never cease.

With thanks I taste Thy bounteous store,  
Though oft my cross may heavy be ;  
I, like a little child, adore,  
For Thou, my Father, leadest me.

## III.

Bright hope sustains and comforts all  
Who seek Thee, Lord, in faithfulness ;  
Not cruel death can them appal,  
Nor make their mystic transports less.  
O Father, I shall ever praise  
Thy wisdom, Thy salvation great ;  
With voice eternal as Thy days  
Proclaim Thou art compassionate.

## THE TRUE COMFORTER.

*INGEMANN.*

### I.



**C**HEN me my nearest friends forsake,  
When I am wretched and forlorn,  
I refuge with the Father take,  
My pang to heaven's God is borne ;  
Unchained by words, my silent sigh  
Steals to the Loving One on high.

### II.

What deepest, keenest stirs the heart,  
What human lips can never speak,  
What ne'er to human ear can dart,  
Hath voice to Him who shields the weak ;  
Its mystic force to Him unrolls,  
The Spirit's source, the Soul of Souls.

---

## III.

In Christ's dear name I will outpour  
My fullest bosom, Lord, to Thee ;  
Learn by sweet silence to adore,  
To see by seeking not to see :  
My needs shall feed Thine altar's flame,  
If I them breathe in Christ's dear name.

*PART SECOND.*

THE REDEEMER.







## THE NATIVITY.

*KINGO.*

I.



Y sun, my sweetest gladness,  
My Christ, my dearest Friend !  
How long I, 'mid earth's sadness,  
Thee praising, to ascend !  
A Christmas song is yearning  
For Thee within my heart ;  
For Thee my heart is burning,—  
Give me the better part.

## II.

They tell me that a manger,  
Child Holy, is thy bed !  
But in my darkness, danger,  
I, Christ, to Thee have fled.  
They tell me that the poorest  
Nought for the poor can do ;  
Thou, Saviour, grand assurest  
Thy love is rich and true.

## III.

They say, who Christ adoreth  
Must bear the awful cross,  
Where grim destruction roareth,  
Where wildest tempests toss !  
They say war, woe, disaster  
To Him must ever be,  
Who calleth Christ his master,  
Who, Jesus, loveth Thee !

## IV.

Oh, terrors gather round me !  
Oh, terrors freeze my blood !

But comfort still hath found me ;  
Joy rusheth like a flood.  
Strange terrors, stranger pleasure,  
The pleasure of desire,  
To seek the Lord, my treasure,  
'Mid death, 'mid raging fire.

## v.

Thou knowest what alarms me ;  
Without Thee I am weak ;  
What hinders and what harms me,  
When climbing heaven's peak,  
Thou knowest : onward bear me.  
How blessed 'tis to die,  
When sins no more ensnare me,  
And Christ unveils the sky !

## THE NATIVITY.

*BRORSON.*

### I.



HY faithful ones assembled see,  
To go to Bethlehem and Thee;  
Enlighten, Christ, each mind and  
soul

To find the path of that dear goal.

### II.

We haste with song, Thee, Lord, to meet,  
And kiss the dust touched by Thy feet.  
Oh, blessed hour, oh, holy night,  
When Thou wert born—our heart's delight!

## III.

Pilgrim to earth's low gloomy vale,  
From heaven's glory, we Thee hail ;—  
Hail, though a manger was Thy bed,  
And Thou wert doomed Thy blood to shed.

## IV.

But Jesus, oh, how strange and sad,  
So few confess Thee ! grateful, glad,  
That pity for all human woe  
Made Thee, in pain, dwell here below !

## V.

Draw us, O Lord, to Thee above ;  
Draw us, Thou bounteous Breast of Love ;  
Draw us, sweet Plenitude of Grace,  
That we may, fervent, Thee embrace.

## VI.

For Thee, Thee only may we pant ;  
May our baptismal covenant  
Ne'er broken be by sinful snares,  
Ne'er broken be by craven cares.

## VII.

So shall we join the holy throng ;  
So shall we sing the holy song ;  
So shall we, as the angels, praise  
Thee, Lord, in the eternal days.

## VIII.

Here, Lord, a contrite flock we stand  
Round Thee, our mystic heart and hand ;  
Be near in beauty, valour grand,  
As in the higher fatherland.

## THE JOY OF SIMEON.

*BROBSON.*

### I.



HOLY life, a blessèd death,  
Each other glorify and crown ;  
Best pours the bird its rapture's breath  
When richly red the sun goes  
down.

As blend eve's smile and bird's sweet lay,  
So blend the saint's brave deeds, pure way  
With death, the gate of endless day.

### II.

When thou hast fought the valiant fight,  
A dauntless soldier of the sky ;



Unwearied held the path of right,—  
How grand and glad it is to die !  
Hast thou a faithful servant been ?  
Finished thy course with soul serene ?  
How peaceful is the parting scene !

## III.

O Simeon, thou man of God,  
Blessèd wert thou a thousandfold ;  
Thy feet this earth the sinful trod,  
With innocence divinely bold.  
Thy hair was white with age's snow,  
But ever thou didst warmer glow,  
For realms that only angels know.

## IV.

Earth's Saviour was thy hope, thy light ;  
And all thy force and fervour yearned  
To serve the Lord both day and night ;  
For this alone thy spirit burned.  
The world's delights thou didst disdain,  
Didst deem its pomps and treasures vain,—  
Thee, sweetest death, gave deathless gain.

## V.

No marvel that the grave for thee  
Was free from terror and from gloom ;  
Glad darts the bird from tree to tree ;  
As glad thou sankest to the tomb.  
Clasping sweet Jesus to thy breast,  
Thou didst, caressing and caressed,  
Find love the herald of thy rest.

## VI.

Still may we, like good Simeon,  
Jesus, the Saviour dear, embrace ;  
But we must purity put on,  
Would we look on the purest face.  
Yea, Christ, our soul finds no repose,  
No healing for its bitter woes,  
But in the joy from faith that flows.

## THE DIVINE ROSE.

*BRORSON.*

### I.



THE loveliest, sweetest of Roses is  
found ;  
Among thorns wild and cruel and  
tangled it grows :  
On sinful and sad, dark and desolate ground,  
Grows Jesus the holy, the heavenly Rose.

### II.

From the terrible hour when the glory we lost  
The fruits of God's image exalted to bear,  
Our world in a gulf of destruction was tossed,  
We all lived in our guilt, and all died in de-  
spair.

## III.

Then a Rose from the hand of the Father took  
root ;  
Afar and abundant it scattered its seed ;  
That we, as of old might bear Eden's own fruit,—  
Desire and thought purest, and beautiful deed.

## IV.

In the bloom of the Rose the whole earth shall  
rejoice,  
And thankful break forth into manifold song ;  
But how few have yet heard the enlivening voice  
That the Rose in the world has been blossoming long !

## V.

Ye briars, ye thistles, ye thorns, ye are proud ;  
Ye are stubborn and perverse, and bold raise  
your head.  
Why not bow to the Rose ? Why not worshipping crowd  
Round the Rose which for you its best odours  
hath shed ?

## VI.

Be haughty not, be lowly plants of the dust,  
And the Rose glad adore with the dew of  
your tears.  
In vales roses grow ; in humility, trust,  
To the Rose, be ye roses that fade not with  
years.

## VII.

My Jesus, my Saviour, Thou ever shalt be  
My Rose, my adornment, my glory, my grace ;  
Thou blastest the boughs on guilt's poisonous  
tree,  
And transformest the Cross into life for our  
race.

## VIII.

Let the world cold and cruel despoil me of all ;  
Let thorns rend and wound, tempests buffet  
and bruise ;  
Let my heart faint and break, let me drink of  
the gall,—  
My Rose, living and lovely, I never shall lose.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

*KINGO.*

### I.



LIFT my soul, I lift my gaze  
Up to the holy height with praise,  
Where Jesus, the Redeemer, gleams;  
With soul, with gaze I would behold  
The mighty glory there unrolled.  
Away all false deceitful beams,  
Away earth's follies, joys, and dreams !

### II.

In faith, in spirit now I see  
What burst on the disciples three ;  
Amazed and comforted I glance

At Jesus in his grand array ;  
Clothed, crowned with heaven's gorgeous day,  
Life's Prince, man's Saviour doth advance,  
While round strange mystic splendours dance.

## III.

As brightest sun, His face is bright ;  
His raiment, as the light, is white,  
Yea, whiter than the whitest snow.  
Moses, Elias speak with Him  
Of deepest things, of terrors grim ;  
Of boundless bliss and boundless woe,  
Of pangs that none but Christ can know.

## IV.

A voice sublime I panting hear,  
A voice that conquers grief and fear,  
Revealing all eternity ;  
Proclaiming God's beloved Son,  
Born to redeem a world undone ;  
Filled with God's fulness from on high,  
To gain God's noblest victory.

## V.

Alas ! I still tread earth's dark vale,  
Still seek God with despairing wail ;  
    King merciful, when shall I climb  
Joy's Tabor, clasp the Saviour's breast,  
Banquet on everlasting rest ;  
    List to the sky's exultant chime,  
    And triumph in the death of time ?

## VI.


When fierce Thy judgment rends the air,  
Save me Thou canst ; oh, spare ! oh, spare !  
    Do not Thy coming, Lord, delay ;  
Swift take me from my sin and pain ;  
Swift let me share the priceless gain ;  
    Swift bear me far and far away,  
    To realms where saints and seraphs pray.



## THE TEARS OF JESUS.

*INGEMANN.*

### I.

ESUS weeps while laughs the world ;  
Madness singeth on the grave ;  
Downward, heedless, fools are hurled ;  
Death wild danceth with his slave.  
In his chains the sinner sleeps ;  
Laughs the world while Jesus weeps !

### II.

Comes the end,—oh, woe ! oh, woe !  
Break thy fetters, captive soul !  
Must Christ's tears unheeded flow ?  
Dost thou scorn the grandest goal ?  
Weeps the world's great Judge in vain ?  
Oh, the guilt, the shame, the pain !

III.

Jesus weeps,—melt every breast ;  
Every sinful soul awake !  
Start, world, from thy joy and rest,—  
Jesus weepeth for thy sake !  
Burst thy bondage dark and deep ;  
Contrite heart, see Jesus weep !

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

*PLUM.*

I.



HE Cross's death my Jesus died ;  
He whose pure life no sorrow knew  
Was now by speechless torments  
tried,—

His friends were false to Him, The True.  
Behold His grief ; mourn, soul, His doom ;  
For thee He faced the pang, the gloom.

II.

Grand as the message He revealed  
Were all His ways ; His boundless love  
His lips, but more His deeds, revealed ;  
He brought salvation from above,  
Earth's sinful, trodden race to cheer,—  
Earth's erring race to Him was dear.

III.

Oh, woe to me could I forget

His Gospel was the voice of life,  
His death the payment of a debt,—

The end of fierce and fatal strife.  
Thou, Christ, didst live and die for me;  
May I, Christ, live and die for Thee!

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

*SPOKON.*

I.



ON the Cross in death's fierce pain,  
With heart breaking, burning brain,  
Hangs our God's Eternal Son.  
By the loving Father's word,—  
All His moans and cries unheard,—  
He is doomed to be undone.

II.

Keenest anguish, blackest grief,  
Pauseless and without relief,  
Overwhelm the Saviour's soul ;  
While His tortured senses sink,  
Sorrow's cup He deep must drink,  
Would He gain the mighty goal.

## III.

Who can all these pangs behold  
Without pangs as sharp, untold,  
    Were the victim stained with crime ?  
But the Sinless suffers here,  
Comes from heaven's purest sphere  
    To this feast of woes sublime.

## IV.

For earth's sin He wrong hath borne,—  
For earth's sin is trodden, torn,  
    Mocked and scorned, and scarred and  
    bound ;  
Though Himself the source of life,  
Yet, for Guilt's despair and strife,  
    He to die is willing found.

## V.

Saviour, ne'er may I forget  
All the fever, all the fret,  
    Thou, The Christ, didst bear for me !  
Let Thy Cross, Thy wounds, Thy shame  
Speak to me with tongues of flame  
    Of the price paid, Lord, by Thee.

## VI.

My transgressions to deplore,  
Help, Lord ! ever, evermore ;  
    Tell me why my soul hath peace.  
I am purchased,—Thine be praise ;  
I am purchased,—let my ways  
    Warning learn from my release.

## VII.

Give me strength,—the strength of grace ;  
Give me strength to run the race  
    Of the holy and the brave.  
Thou, who bidst me live anew,  
Make me live as live the true,  
    Laud in death Thy power to save.

## VIII.

Hoping, trusting, in the dust  
Crave I warmer hope and trust,—  
    Crave a faith divine, serene ;  
Faith that vanquisheth the tomb,  
Faith that gazeth through the gloom  
    To the everlasting scene.

## CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

*ANONYMOUS.*

### I.



YESUS, in Thy death is life,—  
In the life, delight, release ;  
Christ is to our gloom and strife  
Heaven's hope, earth's sweetest  
peace.

Crushed is sin's dark slavery,  
And away death's terrors fly ;  
As on Golgotha I gaze,  
Sinai's lightnings cease to blaze.

### II.

When is waiting wide the grave,  
And my weary head I bend,



Him I seek who loves to save,—  
God, my Father and my Friend.  
To Him cry, as Thou didst cry,  
‘Take my spirit when I die;’  
Me He hears as He heard Thee,  
And to Him Thou leadest me.

## THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

*ANONYMOUS.*

### I.



H, Jesus Christ, Thou Friend most  
dear,

Thou who the world's Redeemer  
art ;

In innocence, disdaining fear,

Thou who wast pierced by torture's dart ;

Christ, by Thy cross's shame and pain,

Thou didst my life eternal gain.

### II.

I thank Thee with a fervent soul,

For all Thy anguish manifold.

Help of the helpless, make me whole ;  
Cleanse me from guilt ; Thy pangs untold  
Upon the mystic tree of woe,  
Were borne to slay earth's direst foe.

## III.

Let, holiest Immanuel,  
Thy death relieve my fierce distress ;  
Let all the griefs which Thee befell  
Be fountains of my blessedness ;  
And let Thy chains, Thy prison, be  
My solace sure, and set me free.

## IV.

And when the final hour draws near—  
The sombre, solemn, trying hour,—  
Deliver me from doubt and fear,  
And from the adversary's power ;  
Scorning his violence and guile,  
*May I seek Thee, and dying smile.*

V.

Oh, I am Thine, for Thou art mine.

Thou knowest all my sorrows deep ;  
Thou, Christ, didst shed Thy tears divine,  
That we, the mourners, might not weep.  
Console till Thou my spirit take ;  
Thou canst not, Saviour, me forsake.

## THE RESURRECTION.

*RAMUS.*

### I.



CHRISTIANS, let us joyful be ;  
How sweet, how holy is this day !  
Behold Him free, and boldly free,  
Our Saviour, Christ, death's grand-  
est prey.

He burst the fetters of the tomb,  
And rose in triumph from the gloom.

### II.

For sin a bitter lot He chose ;  
The Cross's pangs He willing bore ;  
First-fruits of them that slept, He rose :  
And we shall rise to sleep no more.  
Oh, comfort for each contrite soul,  
To see away death's terrors roll !

III.

To Thee, O loving God, we pray :  
    May in our heart Thy Spirit dwell ;  
Oh, lead us in salvation's way,  
    Teach us to feel that all is well ;  
And when our earthly course is run,  
Give us the kingdom Jesus won.

## THE RESURRECTION.

*KINGO.*

I.



RISE, my soul ! awake from sleep,  
Behold thy Saviour's grave ;  
His loved ones, mourning, laid Him  
deep

In Death's devouring cave :  
But from the tomb He valiant came,  
And ever blessed be His name !

II.

A cheering sound, an angel's voice,  
Proclaimeth from on high,  
Our brother, Jesus,—oh, rejoice !—  
Could not Death's captive lie :  
But from the tomb He valiant came,  
And ever blessed be His name !

## III.

Oh, sacred day, sublimest day !  
Oh, mystery unheard !  
Death's hosts that chained Him as their prey  
He scattered with a word :  
And from the tomb He valiant came,  
And ever blessed be His name !

## IV.

O holy, holy Paschal morn !  
We triumphed have through thee ;  
Thou sweetenest Christ's tortures, borne  
Upon the fatal tree :  
For from the tomb He valiant came,  
And ever blessed be His name !

## V.

I boldly now defy thee, Death !  
For thou hast lost thy sting ;  
Defy, O Hell ! thy blasting breath,  
All terrors thou canst bring :  
For from the tomb He valiant came,  
And ever blessed be His name !



## VI.

The grave is dark, the grave is cold,  
And I must slumber there ;  
But risen, I shall Christ behold,  
Christ's glories I shall share :  
For from the tomb He valiant came,  
And ever blessed be His name !

## VII.

That I a welcome warm may win  
From Jesus in the skies,  
From the foul sepulchre of sin  
May I as valiant rise  
As from the tomb the Saviour came :  
Christ, ever blessed be Thy name !

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

*ARROBO.*

I.



Y Saviour is my Shepherd good ;  
He nourisheth, He guards me.  
For me the earth brings forth its food ;  
He shelters, He rewards me.  
I shall not suffer anguish dread ;  
I shall not lack my daily bread,—  
Oh, how adore that Kingly head ?

II.

The tender Shepherd guides his sheep  
In pastures green, them leadeth

Beside the waters still and deep ;  
So Christ, my Shepherd, feedeth  
My body frail, my weary soul.  
Whoso craves pity's balm and dole,  
Christ cherisheth and maketh whole.

## III.

Burn I with lust for worldly things ?  
Christ swift my spirit changeth ;  
My spirit to His likeness brings,—  
No more my spirit rangeth.  
Yea, Jesus, for His own name's sake,  
Me by the hand doth shielding take ;  
In His heart's fount my thirst I slake.

## IV.

Why darkly doubt or weakly fear,  
Whilst Thou dost march beside me ?  
If Thy Word teach, Thy presence cheer,  
No evil can betide me.  
In sorrow's, care's, and sin's despite,—  
Despite death's awful, rayless night,  
Thy Shepherd's staff shall be my might.

V.

Thy loving-kindness manifold,  
I manifold enjoying,  
And all Thy grandest gifts untold,  
I manifold employing,  
Shall herald well eternity,—  
Herald the glories of the sky ;  
Herald the bliss that ne'er can die.

## CHRIST, KING AND JUDGE.

*INGEMANN.*

### I.



REJOICE, O Zion! earth, rejoice!  
Behold thy King, He comes to thee;  
Hear, wintry north! the gladsome  
voice;

Eternal summer bringeth He.  
Each stone of stumbling and offence  
Sweep from His path; green branches strew,—  
Strew festive garments. Love immense  
And joy immense before Him go.

### II.

Blessed each spot He deigns to tread,  
Each nation, kingdom, He draws near.  
He comes! Already grief hath fled,—  
Away have fled death, sin, and fear;

And charity her succours yields.

The palms of peace greet, waving, him,  
And hope sustains and cheers and shields,  
Shadowed by wings of cherubim.

III.

Bow down before thy King, my soul!

Earth's kings, before Him bow ye down ;  
Before Him monarchs humbly roll,—  
Height, might, and splendour, throne and  
crown.

He in the mystic Land divine

The sceptre wields with valiant hand.  
In vain dark, evil powers combine,—  
He, victor, rules the Better Land.

IV.

Over the realm of the redeemed,

He sits as Judge in grace's seat,  
With glory ye have never dreamed—  
Oh, haste, oh, haste, your Lord to meet !  
Pour, countless souls, your countless praise ;  
Ye grateful hearts, your incense fling ;  
And while Redemption's banners blaze,  
Hosanna in the highest sing.

## CHRIST AS LORD.

*KAMPMANN.*

### I.



OD hath us given from eternity  
His Son as Lord, and crowned Christ's  
name most high ;  
Let heaven wide obey ;  
Let earth proclaim Christ's word and way ;  
For God's great glory, Christ rules earth and  
sky.

### II.

Why fear? With strength Jesus His kingdom  
shields ;  
In vain the world its fiercest weapons wields.  
What Christ hath founded, built,  
Defies earth's force and guile and guilt,—  
Crushed and ashamed, the foe the contest yields.

## III.

Over the earth, and to earth's furthest ends,  
Good news of peace and grace Christ loving  
    sends ;  
    And all shall feel and know,  
    The Saviour sways above, below,—  
All gladly worship Him as Friend of Friends.

## IV.

Beyond the heaven of the heavens sweeps  
His power, grand pierces vast abysmal deeps  
    Yea, He is good and great ;  
    Divinely fervent and elate,—  
Let us Him ever serve, our souls who keeps.





*PART THIRD.*

REDEMPTION.





## THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

*KAMPMANN.*

### I.

**J**ESUS Christ, we offer Thee  
Praise ; may we Thy glory see !  
Thou who camest down to die,  
Thronest now in majesty ;  
Ever Thou our refuge art ;  
Ever succour prompt dost dart  
To the wrung, yet ransomed heart.

### II.

To Thy sceptre, Jesus, bow  
Every knee and every brow ;  
Kingdoms of the earth decay,  
But Thy realm hath deathless day.

Lord, we laud its living truth ;  
Lord, we laud its boundless ruth,  
And its grand, eternal youth.

## III.

Christ, Thou knowest we are weak ;  
Let Thy grace our weakness seek,  
That earth's folly, madness, guile,  
Ne'er may us ensnare, defile ;  
Our faith strengthen, give us peace,  
Give us rapture and release ;  
May our Christ-like growth ne'er cease.

## THE NAME OF JESUS.

*STORM.*

### I.



MY Jesus, ne'er shall I forget  
Thy loving-kindness wonderful.  
Saviour and saved, we two have met ;  
Woe's me if I disclaim Thy rule.  
The sweet Redeemer's name be blest ;  
The name of Jesus be confessed.

### II.

Oh, I will kneel and fervent pray ;  
Fervent I will thank, praise, and love ;  
May I delight, both night and day,  
Him to delight who reigns above !  
The sweet Redeemer's name be blest ;  
The name of Jesus be confessed.

## III.

When cometh my last hour, and I  
In peace a world of strife forsake,  
May I to Thee, O Brother, fly,  
And of Thy deepest life partake.  
The sweet Redeemer's name be blest ;  
The name of Jesus be confessed.

## TIDINGS OF SALVATION.

*INGEMANN.*

### I.



RISE, sinner, from thy slumber !

He standeth at the door,

God's judgments who fulfilleth

Till time shall be no more !

Where is the shield, the stoutest,

This foeman doth not break ?

Fierce on and on he stormeth

Pale death,—O sinner, wake !

### II.

Beautiful is Death's dwelling,

All sweet arrayed in flowers ;

There, glad, the throstle singeth,

As in Joy's chosen bowers.



Within, ah ! grimly sitteth  
The demon of decay,  
To watch thy bones slow blending  
With dank and loathsome clay !

## III.

Arm ! for the foeman cometh ;  
The good fight valiant fight,  
The awful Judge invoking ;  
God, lend Thy grandest might !  
God, let the soul despair not ;  
Behold the foeman's hand,  
Oh, save the trembling spirit  
From his uplifted brand !

## IV.

If he that dareth judgment  
Before God can remain,  
Then welcome, death, be welcome,  
Thou canst no triumph gain.  
Yet who the judgment dareth ?  
If speaketh stern the law,  
The saint the hour mad curseth  
When first earth's light he saw.

## V.

Despond not thou, poor sinner !  
See, standing by thy side,  
The Lord, who life proclaimeth,  
When nought else can abide !  
Thy enemy to combat  
He gives a shield so bold ;  
And thou canst potent vanquish  
The foeman dark and cold.

## VI.

The shield red, brother, flameth  
With blood of Jesus dear ;  
Though wildly hell should menace,  
Fling from thee, brother, fear !  
In Death's foul cave of terrors,  
Let dust sink down to dust,—  
In God, in Christ's cross trusting,  
Thou conquer, brother, must.

## VII.

March to the Judge undaunted,—  
The shield before thy breast ;

And angels warm shall hail thee  
With songs of love and rest.  
Thy life hath now its triumph ;  
Thou spurnest earth's low clod ;  
Sublime the heavens open,  
And thou art with thy God.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*CHRISTENSEN.*

### I.



THOU Holy Spirit, Comforter sublime ;

Thou purest fountain of eternal truth ;

Thou who, enthroned above all space and time,

Cleavest the darkness with Thy rays of ruth ;

Come, Thou exalted, mystic Guest,

Through Thee may Pentecost be blest !

Oh, Thou, high heaven's Dove,

In glory, life, and love,

Fly down, and be our rapture and our rest.

## II.

Into our bosom may Thy message steal—  
A word recalling the eternal word ;  
A holy joy, a holy strength reveal ;  
Enrich, inspire with things unseen, unheard.  
Oh, cleanse our soul from leprous sin ;  
Lead potent grace in triumph in.  
Renew us in Christ's peace,  
And through the grand release  
May we our deathless, priceless heirdom win !

## III.

Bound by the bonds of sacred peace we dwell  
In sweetest, in the Spirit's unity.  
Through faith ecstatic may our anthems swell,—  
Tones in the mighty concert of the sky !  
Let seeds from heaven scattered grow  
As heaven, fruitful here below ;  
Let earth, so barren, cold,  
Bring forth a hundredfold  
The trees of life, that heal all human woe.

## IV.

Thou, Spirit, hast the strong foundations laid,  
Which never, never can be overthrown ;  
Stablished thereon, in noblest grace arrayed,  
May Thy true Church increasing converts own !  
Us in our combats strengthen, cheer ;  
In our temptations be Thou near ;  
Us with faith's valours shield ;  
Ne'er may we craven yield,  
But seek immortal homes in holy fear !

## THE EXCELLENCE OF GRACE.

*BRORSON.*

### I.



Thou beloved Immanuel,  
With joy, unspeakable, divine,  
I cry to Thee that all is well ;  
I claim Thy cross's wounds as  
mine.

Sin's fatal snares I scorn and burst,  
And break a bondage dark, accursed.

### II.

Upon my Father's breast I lean ;  
In heaven's courts my home have I ;  
Mine are the pastures ever green ;  
And mine the mansions of the sky.  
God gives to me a heritage,  
Where death, guilt, sorrow never rage.

III.

Each coming, each departing day,  
Praise be to Thee, the Father brings  
The Jubilee for which we pray,—  
Eternal summers, ceaseless springs.  
Sweetest, sublimest dawn, how near,  
Which heralds the immortal year !

IV.


Up, up to song and joy, my soul ;  
The tears of holy gladness weep ;  
In each rich pulse let throb and roll  
My rapture warm, my rapture deep.  
For us Christ drank the cup of pain,—  
Thanks, Jesus, for the pang, the gain.



## GRACE ABOUNDING.

*INGEMANN.*

### I.

N earth is tribulation great,  
But greater is God's grace ;  
When for Thee earth's doors shut in  
hate,

Ope heaven's doors apace.  
My soul, my soul, be not cast down,  
Thou hast a covenanted crown ;  
If leaves thee earth in evil plight,  
If changes day to blackest night ;  
Be glad ; God liveth evermore,—  
Knows, pities, heals thine anguish sore.

## II.

If there are signs in moon and sun,  
And forth fierce tempests rush ;  
If oceans mad devouring run,  
And heavens heavens crush ;  
If in wild hurricanes accursed  
The final Judgment Day should burst,  
My soul, do not despairing pant,  
Thou art with God in covenant ;  
Be glad ; God liveth evermore,—  
Knows, pities, heals thine anguish sore.

## III.

The covenant's grand words recall  
When God's grand hour draws nigh ;  
Lift up thy head, guilt's ransomed thrall ;  
Heareth Thy Judge thy cry.  
God's holy Son, the beautiful,  
Enthroned on clouds, proclaims his rule ;  
He comes in glory and in power  
Salvation's miracles to shower.  
Be glad ; God liveth evermore,—  
Knows, pities, heals thine anguish sore.

## IV.

We wait the awful, joyful day,—  
It dawns at Thy command,  
When wrath's dread thunders crush and slay,  
And tremble sea and land ;  
With lofty and exultant soul  
We shall deep hallelujahs roll,  
Responsive to the hymn of space,  
Shout, with devout and radiant face,  
God liveth, liveth evermore,—  
Knows, pities, heals our anguish sore.

## GRACE AND RETRIBUTION.

*BRUN.*

### I.



ERUSALEM, thy ashes I behold,  
Where the Lord's finger wrote,  
with sword and flame,  
The curse which shaketh thrones and  
daunts the bold ;  
Where are thine ancient splendour, power,  
and fame ?  
All that which raised thee proudest to the skies  
In the dust lies.

### II.

Tremble, audacious earth, at judgments dread ;  
The cup of bitterness thou yet must taste ;

Yea, drink it to the very dregs;—Thy head  
Bow contrite ! See ! God's wrathful thunders  
haste ;  
No dark abyss saves him from God's fierce rod,  
Who mocketh God.

## III.

Walk in the light while shineth yet the sun,  
My soul ! Perverse, stop not the holy fount  
Which, fresh and sweet, doth in Thy desert run ;  
Rejected grace fills up sin's black account ;  
Remember, when God's grace thou wouldst  
contemn,  
Jerusalem !

## IV.

Perish thou didst, Jerusalem ! Thy doom  
Teacheth that he who scorns God's word  
and truth  
Swift ripens for a harvest of deep gloom.  
My soul in penitence shall seek God's ruth,  
Shall rest upon the bosom of God's grace,  
And peace embrace.

v.

O Jesus, let the tears which Thou didst shed  
My hard heart melt, my drowsy sense awake  
Raise my love, will, and conscience from the  
dead ;  
And may the Spirit's dew my spirit slake ;  
God shall not me, like thee, forsake, condemn,  
Jerusalem !

## CALL TO REPENTANCE.

*BRORSON.*

### I.



AH ! knewest thou, enslaved in chains  
of sin,  
How grievous is the bondage of the  
soul,  
Eager and swift thou wouldst the favour win  
Of Him who can Thee make pure, free, and  
whole.  
Oh, what a sweet and grand and holy hour,  
If thou didst forthwith seek Redemption's power!

### II.

Ah ! knewest thou God's kingdom and God's  
grace,  
How joyful 'tis the words of Christ to hear,

Thou wouldst with yearning bosom hail the  
face

Of Him who ever hastes to help and cheer !  
Oh, how God's Church would hail the happy  
hour,  
If thou didst forthwith seek Redemption's power!

## III.

Ah ! knewest thou that thou canst never gain  
Through dreams of heaven God's eternal day,  
How wouldst thou loathe thy lazy visions vain,  
And enter bold the safe, the narrow way !  
Oh, how grief, guilt, would end their awful  
hour,  
If thou didst forthwith seek Redemption's power !

## IV.

Ah ! knewest thou what rapture 'tis to view  
The portals of the Paradise above,  
Thou wouldst earth's pleasures all contemn,  
eschew,  
And clasp the cross of Christ with hungry  
love.  
Oh, for God's angels what ecstatic hour,  
If thou didst forthwith seek Redemption's power!



## V.

Ah ! wouldst thou now by prayer, penitence  
Give up thy being to thy Father's hand,  
What rest profound, what mystic peace immense,  
Would be the foretaste of the Better Land !  
Oh, for thy soul serenest, calmest hour,  
If thou didst forthwith seek Redemption's power !

## VI.

Ah ! wouldst thou—and thou canst, by sternest  
will  
Seize the true treasures, claim the saint's delight !  
Haste, haste, it is not yet too late ! Fulfil  
Thy mission high ; soon comes eternal night.  
Oh, for the dear Redeemer, what dear hour,  
If thou didst forthwith seek Redemption's power !

## TRUST IN CHRIST.

*KAMPMANN.*

### I.



HAT I of Thee, the Saviour, know  
Is all my glory, hope, and trust ;  
All else is vainest, vilest show,—  
A grain of sand, a heap of dust. .  
To death Thy head was bowed for me ;  
I gain eternal life through Thee.

### II.

Never may doubt my spirit blind,  
Rob me of consolation sweet ;  
False doctrine ne'er seduce my mind,  
Making truth's accents feeble, fleet ;  
And thus I lose Thy loving gleam,—  
See not Thy valour to redeem.

## III.

Oh, may Thy cheering words inspire,  
When terrors wild assail the soul !  
Us purify with sacred fire,  
Render us strong and brave and whole ;  
And when our parting hour is nigh,  
May we, resigned, courageous die.


## IV.

O Jesus, may I Thee proclaim,  
By noblest deeds and hallowed lips ;  
And, trials o'er, call on Thy name ;  
And cleaving through death's grim eclipse,  
See Thee, blest Saviour, face to face,  
And enter Thy own dwelling-place.

## THE WORD OF GOD.

*ANONYMOUS.*

### I.

E fear not peril, want, and pain,  
In God our Father's kingdom fair ;  
We fear alone that, vile and vain,  
We may not loyal sojourn there.  
God's tender mercies far exceed  
Our worst extremity of need ;  
He gives His Word, His light, His Spirit's care.

### II.

Oh, let the Word Thou gavest, God,  
Teach truth that guides and faith that saves,  
That on the road Thy saints have trod  
We may march valiant to our graves.

Arm us with courage, constancy,  
With strength to battle and to die,  
That Thy deep Word may mountains cross and  
waves.

## III.

Soon from the path of righteousness,  
Rebellious, mad, we rush astray ;  
Mourning our folly and distress,  
Thou leadest us to wisdom's way.  
If hard and heavy smites Thy hand,  
Thy Word hath consolations grand,  
And gleamings sweet of the eternal day.

## IV.

When yearns and gropes our feeble sense,  
To reach Thine awful mysteries,  
May Thy Word shower its opulence,  
Our strivings turn to ecstasies ;  
War with our error and despair ;  
The secrets of the skies declare,  
And fit us for those holy, happy skies.

## V.

Thou who didst send Thy Son to earth,  
    Enrich and heal and clothe with grace,  
That worship may be nobler birth,  
    Our heart Thy Word's true dwelling-place ;  
In Christ is all our hope and trust ;  
Exalt us, Father, from the dust ;  
Shine on us, Father, with a Father's face.

## THE WORD OF GOD.

*HJORT.*

I.



ALL-SEEING God, Thou knowest all  
Who march the holy path along ;  
On them Thy Father's glance doth  
fall

Who seek Thee with love's yearning song ;  
Ever Thou, gracious God, dost bless  
Them who adore in righteousness.

II.

Thy children, we, O God, are led  
By Christ's divinest Word of Truth ;  
Oh, may its light abroad be shed,  
As mighty valour, boundless ruth ;  
Its light is life, salvation, peace,  
The spirit's solace and increase.

## III.

Give the Word's servants power to preach  
The Word with wisdom, victory ;  
Exalt Christ's name, and grandly teach  
Celestial weal and charity.  
Bless them who teach the Word aright,  
Bless them who hear it with delight !

## IV.

Let us confess, with humbled breast,  
To Truth's, to Pity's God our needs ;  
On Jesus lean when lacking rest,  
Him follow in our noblest deeds.  
He is our comforter in pain,  
In life, in death, our gladness, gain.

## V.


Lord, who alone canst hallow, heal ;  
With shouts of joy we, Lord, Thee praise.  
Thou bad'st us, for our highest weal,  
Be like to Christ in all our ways.  
Thanks be to Thee, Thou God above,  
For Christ's example, word, and love.



## THE WORD OF GOD.

*BRORSON.*

### I.

RISE, all people of the earth,  
God's loving-kindness to behold;  
God's Word proclaims a grander  
birth,—  
Proclaims to regions manifold,  
That each poor trembling sinner may  
Now dwell in the eternal day,  
And be, one of the ransomed, bold.

### II.

The word of the appeasement great,  
By God accepted through His Son,

---

The word of the Redeemer's fate,  
His tortures for a world undone,  
In tones of thunder speaks to men ;  
The dead in sin it wakes again,—  
Start forth, and take what Jesus won !

## III.

Bright on the darkness of the soul,  
The Word a holy gladness shines,  
The hidden treasure to unroll,  
The Christ for whom faith yearns and pines.  
The Word our guide, we roam no more ;  
We fly from sin, The Christ adore,  
And make our hearts His purest shrines.

## IV.

Oh, let Thy word, Thou gracious God,  
March conquering from land to land ;  
Scatter its choicest gifts abroad ;  
With thankful and revering hand,  
May men the priceless boon embrace ;  
And may the mystic reign of grace  
Swift sweep to the remotest strand !

---

## THE VOICE OF THE SHEPHERD.

*FRIMANN.*

I.



H, Thou Friend of the penitent,  
From God's own deepest being sent  
Great Shepherd of the soul !  
How sweet, how dear this holy name !  
Thou dost, with pity swift as flame,  
Away my burden roll.

II.

How tender is Thy Shepherd's voice !  
It makes the lone and lost rejoice ;  
Oh, blessed they who hear !  
Thou callest us from darkness dread,  
Dost round us God's rich glory shed,—  
With light and life dost cheer.

III,

From sin I am redeemed by Thee,  
And by Thy sacrifice made free,—  
For ever I am Thine.  
Earth's fatal slavery I break,  
Grand, through Thine aid and for Thy sake,  
Thou Shepherd most divine.

## THE CHURCH OF GOD.

*OLDENBURG.*

### I.



IN the Lord's house 'tis good to dwell ;  
The house upon a rock is built,—  
There, shielded by the Spirit well,  
The soul is free from woe and guilt.  
There of the bread of life we eat ;  
There flows the oil of gladness sweet ;  
Above us heaven open we behold.

### II.

O God, we thank Thee that Thy hand  
Hath filled with gifts Thy sanctuary ;

We thank Thee for the better land,  
The better house beyond the sky.  
By valiant faith, Thy word's pure light,  
Oh, lead us to the mansions bright,  
The home where all Thy marvels are un-  
rolled.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

*BOYE.*

### I.



CHRIST'S faithful ones He loveth well;  
He cometh when to Him they  
pray ;  
When they together meet and dwell,  
"With you be peace," they hear  
him say.

All His great marvels they behold,  
His miracles most manifold,  
And heaven's glories grand unrolled.

### II.

He standeth at the Church's gate,  
Clothed with the Holy Spirit's power ;

The weary and the desolate,  
Baptized, receive all grace's dower.  
The lowly to His heart He takes,  
Partakers of His life them makes,  
While dawn immortal round them breaks.

## III.

To the repentant sinner's cry,  
Compassionate, He bows His ear ;  
Transformed, the penitent draws nigh  
His altar with a holy fear.  
The contrite hear the cheering sound,  
" Be free, poor slaves, by Satan bound ;"  
What king so strong as Christ is found ?



## REFORMATION AND MISSIONS.

*BIRKEDAL.*

I.



REDEEMER! long and grand hath  
shone  
Thy star from Zion's sacred height ;  
But still the world goes dreaming  
on,


Beholdeth not the wondrous light.  
The mighty year of jubilee,  
An everlasting spring we see ;  
The world, alas ! sees, knows it not ;  
Chained to its gloomy anguished lot,  
It spurns the gladness of the free.

## II.

Oh, let Thy Word awaken all,  
That, clear, the star of peace sublime  
May rend guilt's, sorrow's sombre pall,  
May valiant cleave the night of time ;  
That every sad and weary breast  
May taste the ecstasy of rest ;  
May in Thy Cross the refuge find  
For which it deepest yearned and pined,  
Then blend immortal with the blest.

## III.

With tones of jubilee Thy Word,  
As holy hope, shall win the earth ;  
Afar the good news shall be heard,  
Salvation, the celestial birth.  
High on the peak, deep in the vale,  
The heathen tribes in darkness wail ;  
But they shall see Thy loving face,  
As brothers haste to Thy embrace,—  
Thy truth, Thy life, Thy grace, shall hail.



## IV.

Radiant, on Golgotha, shall rise  
An altar for a mourning world ;  
Rejoicing shouts salute the skies ;  
Thunders of doom no more be hurled ;  
The heaven, beautiful and blue,  
Shall gleam, a temple ever new ;  
And Thou shalt boundless blessings shower,  
From Golgotha, as from faith's tower,  
Eternal bulwark of the true.

## THE BATTLE OF FAITH.

*BRORSON.*

### I.



HE faith which Christ adoreth,  
Which purifies the breast ;  
The faith which grandly soareth  
To the eternal rest,—  
That faith is strong, and must—  
All earthly things subduing,  
All earthly things renewing—  
Save thee, poor child of dust.

### II.

A sword the Christian beareth ;  
To faith's grim fight he goes ;  
He meets, and ne'er despaireth,  
Ten thousand thousand foes.

Battler for death and life,  
He on, a victor, rusheth,  
And doubt and terror crusheth.  
Christ crowns, rewards the strife.

## III.

The faith which will not, daring,  
O'er earth effulgent sweep ;  
The faith no peril sharing,  
Climbing no mountain steep,—  
That faith is dead and cold,  
A palsy and a pallor,—  
No mighty thing of valour,  
To smite the foeman bold.

## IV.

Weak hearts, to waver ceasing,  
Arise and courage take,  
Though woe and wrong increasing  
Should earth's foundations shake,  
And all is gloom and loss.  
Ye Satan's bondage shatter,  
Ye Satan's armies scatter,  
By clinging to the Cross.

## V.

How sweet the consolation,  
In conflict dark and dread,  
That weakness is salvation,  
Through Christ, the mystic head !  
The blacker 'tis around,  
The more thy glory gleameth,  
The more thy valour beameth,  
If Christ with thee be found.

## VI.

O Thou, my praise, my gladness,  
My Saviour in all pain,  
In rapture or in sadness  
I faithful shall remain.  
Let come the worst that may,  
I shall, Christ's banner bearing,  
I shall, Christ's name declaring,  
Combat and trust and pray.

## TRIAL AND FAITH.

*KINGO.*

### I.



EVER is my peril near ;  
Ever cometh grace to cheer  
Ever keenest tortures rend ;  
Ever Jesus is my friend.

### II.

Ever sin enslaves, ensnares ;  
Ever Christ my burden bears ;  
Ever tread I sorrow's way ;  
Ever, ever sing and pray.

## III.

Joyful, woful are my cries ;  
Now I fall, and now I rise ;  
Now I wrestle with unrest,  
Now lean on the Saviour's breast.

## IV.

Thus I grief and gladness link,  
And the mystic cup I drink,—  
Sweet and bitter, bitter, sweet ;  
Strange and dread life's contrasts meet.

## V.

But, O Christ, the more I weep,  
Send the more, faith strong and deep.  
Sin may tempt and sorrow wail,—  
Never let them, Christ, prevail.



## WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

*LIEBENBERG.*

### I.



FATHER, how merciful art Thou !  
I pray, and Thou dost strengthen  
me ;  
Trusting the radiance of Thy brow,  
Childlike, I fly in need to Thee.  
The Saviour's word I glad obey ;  
He tells me to believe and pray.

### II.

When earth's dark sorrows gather round,  
Earth's consolations ever fail ;  
But succour is in prayer found :  
I lift my hands, I lift my wail,  
I lift my heart, and Thou dost send  
Solace and strength, Almighty Friend.

## III.

When, Lord, temptations me ensnare,  
Swift, faith and purity depart ;  
I stumble, fall ; in guises fair,  
Sin steals to wound with deadly dart.  
But strong in prayer's armour I,  
Battling, march on to victory.

## IV.

Lord, what am I that I should crave  
Hopeful, my God, in every ill ?  
Lord, what am I that Thou shouldst save  
My soul, my yearnings deep fulfil ?  
Thanks be to Thee that Thy dear Son  
Taught us the grace by prayer won.

## THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

*HJORT.*

### I.



CHRIST, may Thy loving-kindness us  
unite,  
That in Thy mind and heart we may  
delight ;

Oh, sanctify our body, spirit, soul,  
That beautiful may be our pilgrimage,  
Until we gain our gladdest heritage,  
Our grandest goal.

### II.

In this world's gloomy prison, Christ, us teach  
To watch, devoutest yearn, warmest beseech,  
That, Saviour, none may rob us of our crown,

Till to Thy glory, ever great and fair,  
We may the crown of life eternal wear,  
With faith's renown.

## III.

Meanwhile, may we dwell in Thee, Christ, alone;  
Thine image in our deepest heart enthrone,  
That our rich all in all the Cross may be ;  
By pity, pardon, joy, us to Thee bind ;  
May in our deeds Thy word pure triumphs find,  
Worthy of Thee.

## IV.

King of the earth, King of the highest sky,  
Make us true victors in Thy victory ;  
Victory over error, sorrow, guilt.  
Thou canst us stablish, perfect, Saviour, Friend,  
That all our combat may in rapture end,—  
Thou canst, Thou wilt.

## THE MOUNTAIN OF HOLINESS.

*HEILMANN.*

I.



JESUS, take me up with Thee  
From earth's low narrow vale,  
Up to the heights, where full and  
free,  
Sweet voices tell their tale.  
Whoso hath seen Thee there,  
Upon the mountain fair,  
Longs fervent for the time  
To climb the peaks sublime ;—  
Yea, there, yea, there, O Lord, 'tis good to be.

## II.

For there the air is fresh, serene ;  
There all things calm and still ;  
There earth's despair is never seen ;  
Tears shun the holy hill.  
Untroubled down we gaze,  
And marvel much and praise,  
That Grief, the giant grim,  
Hath grown so small and dim ;—  
Yea, there, yea, there, O Lord, 'tis good to be.

## III.

Black wrong, fierce strife we here behold,  
The more we upward yearn ;  
Earth's guilt is huge and manifold,  
Earth's mists our vision spurn.  
But peace divine is there,  
Where Christ's deep life we share ;  
See guilt and mists take flight  
Before the sun's pure light ;—  
Yea, there, yea, there, O Lord, 'tis good to be.

## IV.

Well for me that the way I know  
Up to the mountain high ;  
Well that I valiant march and grow,  
Through great humility.  
And though I dwell not yet  
Where life's sun cannot set,  
Still from the sacred mount  
Strength streameth like a fount ;—  
Yea, there, yea, there, O Lord, 'tis good to be.

## THE NAZARETH OF THE SOUL.

*KINGO.*

### I.



WHEN God had wicked Herod slain,  
An angel forth He sent,  
To free our Jesus from the pain  
Of bitter banishment.

### II.

Not to a dwelling of renown  
The angel Jesus brought ;  
In nameless Nazareth—no crown—  
A shelter Jesus sought.



## III.

A wretched exile, Christ, am I,  
An exile most forlorn ;  
An exile from God's holy sky,—  
A child of guilt and scorn.

## IV.

But Thou dost bring me back again,  
Christ, to Thy home of peace ;  
Dost grant me, King Divine of men,  
Redemption and release.

## V.

Yea, though my sins and griefs should be  
A frowning host immense,  
Thou comest swift to succour me,  
And teachest penitence.

## VI.

Give me the smallest Nazareth,—  
A little tranquil spot,  
Where I may breathe a saintly breath,  
Make glad a saintly lot.


VII.

And from this Nazareth below  
Call me to one above ;  
And may my rest the deeper grow,  
As warmer grows Thy love.

## THE EMMAUS OF THE SOUL.

*BOYE.*

### I.

“BIDE with us, the day's far spent,”  
To Christ His two companions  
cried.  
To tarry with them Jesus went,  
And gave the peace for which they sighed.  
Oh, hear us, Christ, as Thou didst hear,  
Didst teach Thy two companions dear.

### II.

Abide with us at even's hour ;  
Give us Thy Spirit, calm and deep ;  
Strengthen, enrich with prayer's power,  
Ere, Christ, our eyelids close in sleep.  
Contrition for our sins inspire ;  
Send grace and faith, devout desire.

III.

Abide with us, console, sustain,  
When fortune's sun goes sombre down ;  
When sorrow's dew and torture's rain  
Wither our cheek, and tempests frown.  
A path of pangs, O Christ, was Thine ;  
Teach patience valiant and divine.

IV.

Abide with us when disappears  
Our life's last day—that bitter day,  
When night, the grave, doubts, griefs, and  
fears  
Consume our feeble force away.  
Prepare, by hope, our fainting heart  
To scorn the grim Destroyer's dart.

V.

When all earth's consolations fail,  
Thou sittest with us, Lord, at meat ;  
We drink the cup, and grand prevail,  
The bread of life we joyous eat :  
Earth fades, grows dark, the inner eye  
Ecstatic sees the open sky.

## THE SPIRITUAL RECKONING.

*BROBSON.*

### I.



OME, heart, thy reckoning begin,  
Count up the number of thy days ;  
Try, heart, a clearer glance to win  
At vanished things and vanished  
ways.

Year after year what hast thou done,  
When chained, a slave, to earth's low clod ?  
Of all thy deeds and thoughts, each one  
Is written in the Book of God.

### II.

How swiftly passeth time away,  
Never, oh, never, to return !

But sins, an unforgotten prey,  
Are stored in retribution's urn.  
When God to judgment cometh grand,  
And round Him summons host on host,  
Each mortal shall before Him stand,—  
Who at that hour shall dare to boast?

## III.

How much of wile, how much of guile,  
Hast thou, my perverse heart, concealed?  
Hid by a hypocritic smile,  
Thy deepest guilt is ne'er revealed.  
Thou dreamest that 'tis all forgot,  
That peril, chastisement are o'er.  
Thy crimes, heart, God forgetteth not;  
They naked lie His gaze before.

## IV.

Reflect how rapidly have rushed  
On, onward, on, thy days of grace:  
Thou mayest, ere an hour, be crushed,—  
Unwon as yet salvation's race.

But if one moment still remains—  
One moment terrible and brief—  
Ponder redemption's mighty gains,  
Ponder thine everlasting grief.

## v.

Fall down in humblest penitence,  
Before Eternal Mercy's throne,  
Pray that the Saviour's love immense  
For thee, heart-guilty, may atone.  
Oh, heart, henceforth as contrite be  
As Jesus is compassionate;  
And mayest thou in death foresee  
The glories of the deathless state.

## CONTRITION.

*TIMM.*

### I.



GOD, my God, an anguished heart  
Sends up to Thee its groan :  
Thou of its wounds the Healer art ;  
Thou knowest why I moan ;  
My grief thou seest,—let me live ;  
Pity my pangs :—Forgive, forgive.

### II.

Ceased the great sun to gleam and glow,  
All flesh would be as grass ;  
And ceased Thy mercy's stream to flow,  
Our souls themselves would pass  
Like smoke away. Oh, let me live !  
Oh, hear my cry :—Forgive, forgive.



## III.

Although the mother may forget  
The child she bore in pain,  
Thou canst not us forget, nor let  
Us miss redemption's gain.  
Be merciful—Oh, let me live !  
Draw near, O God :—Forgive, forgive.

## IV.

My Father, all to Thee we owe ;  
My soul lies bare to Thee ;  
Tell it to sin no more, and show  
'Tis now from bondage free.  
How deep Thy love ! Oh, let me live !  
How warm Thy love !—Forgive, forgive.

## V.

For Christ's dear sake, O Father kind,  
Let Faith and Hope be sent  
To my weak soul, so guilty, blind ;  
And if 'tis penitent,  
It evermore with Thee shall live,  
And cease to cry, Forgive, forgive.

## THE CONFLICTS OF THE SOUL.

*ROTHE.*

### I.



CEASELESS combat is our life ;  
How watchful, wary must we be,  
Would we be victors in the strife,  
And gain the glory of the free !

Know this, my brother, well, and know  
That life is half a hollow show,  
And half an awful battlefield,—  
Blest he who is too brave to yield !

### II.

O Father, God, Thou merciful,  
In fierce temptation make me strong ;  
Left to my own poor force and rule,  
How soon I tread the brink of wrong !


The seed of lust, of wild unrest,  
Lies deep and deathless in my breast.  
Breaks forth unchecked that evil seed,—  
How swift misdeed begets misdeed !

## III.

Fain would I vanquish foul desire ;  
But, oh, how terrible its power !  
Fain would I quench sin's raging fire,  
But tremble in the trying hour.  
Unless some potent hand sustain,  
My valour, struggle, zeal are vain.  
A star in guilt's and sorrow's night,—  
Oh, who will aid me in the fight ?

## IV.

Jesus will be my Helper bold,  
My joy, my consolation great ;  
Life's word, and grace's wealth untold,  
He gives to me, the desolate.  
He loves me with a brother's love ;  
Leads me to mystic realms above.  
To Him I give myself, my all,  
Yet patient wait the final call.



## THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL.

*INGEMANN.*

### I.



THROUGH night and tribulation,  
The soul a pilgrim goes ;  
With hope of God's salvation,  
With joy sublime it glows.  
A flame the deep night rendeth,  
A light divine the cloud ;  
Brother to brother sendeth  
A salutation loud.

### II.

Oh, may the light undying  
Flash on our sombre night !  
May we, in bitter sighing,  
All find one comfort bright !

Oh, may one love unbounded  
Fire each crossbearer's breast ;  
May on one God be founded  
One solace, faith and rest !

## III.

Oh, grant us, bounteous Giver,  
One spirit and one voice ;  
Us all as one deliver,—  
As one may we rejoice !  
Be ours one need, one yearning,  
One Father evermore ;  
One thankfulness grand burning,  
One Saviour to adore.

## IV.

And thus redeemed, redeeming,  
We valiant march along ;  
Golgotha glooming, gleaming,  
We hail with mystic song.  
From cross, from tomb, ascending,  
With ecstasy and praise,  
We gain our crown when blending  
With Eden's deathless days.

## THE FRUITS OF SUFFERING.

*BRORSON.*

### I.



OUR afflictions may grievous seem,  
Our afflictions may grievous be ;  
Yet for the people of God they gleam  
With dews and with fruits from  
Life's own Tree,  
Our afflictions are gift on gift  
From the Redeemer's bountiful hand,  
Tokens and pledges that hallow and lift  
The souls that yearn for the Spirit's land.

### II.

Our afflictions our hatred fire  
Of the burden and bondage of earth,


But wing our feet with angelic desire,—  
For a holy path give a holy mirth.  
Our afflictions us steadfast make  
In the Redeemer's pure works and ways ;  
Teach us for Him all else to forsake,  
And valiant to fight for His kingdom's praise.

## III.

Our afflictions an anchor throw  
Into temptation's and pleasure's sea ;  
Lust's surges may rise, lust's storms may blow,  
But safe in our faith, hope, love, are we.  
Our afflictions us grandly arm,—  
Are our helmet and breastplate and shield and  
spear ;  
With our gaze on the sky, away we charm  
The shadows and stings of guilty fear.

## IV.

Our afflictions are darkness sublime ;  
The darkness breaks and the Saviour shines ;  
While the trumpet's thunder proclaims that  
Time  
No more torments and sins and pines.



Our afflictions are raptures new,—  
Are glories new in that new sky ;  
And our bitter myrrh and our bitter rue  
Grow sweet odours of immortality.

## v.

O Cross of Christ, my blessing immense,  
My noble, my beautiful heritage ;  
The Church's bulwark and recompense,  
Its crown and jewel from age to age.  
Through thee, O Cross, glad and patient I bear  
The darkest afflictions our God may send.  
The awful Judgment Day will declare  
That my sorrows earned a triumphant end.



## ASPIRATIONS.

*OEHLENSCHLAEGER.*

### I.



H, teach me, thou forest, to testify  
glad,  
As in autumn the gloom of thy  
yellowing leaf,  
That my spring cometh back after winter the  
sad,  
That my tree gleameth green after mournful-  
ness brief.  
The roots of my tree stand strong, deep, and  
divine  
In eternity's summer ; oh, why then repine ?

## II.

Bird of passage, thou frail little thing, oh, teach  
me

To fly with bold wing and with spirit as bold,  
To lands undiscovered far over the sea.

When all here is stormy and cloudy and  
cold,  
Throws wide open its gates, a sweet paradise  
there ;

Let me haste to its sunshine, its odorous air.

## III.

Oh, teach me, oh, teach me, thou butterfly  
bright

To shatter the chrysalis dungeon and chain,  
Which rob me of freedom, of joy, and of light ;

I grovel, a worm, in this desert of pain ;  
But soon, ah ! sublimely transfigured, I fly,  
With wings valiant, of purple and gold, in the  
sky.

## IV.

From Thy throne in the clouds Thou, Lord,  
smilest to me.

My Christ, my loved Jesus, Thou mighty to  
save,

Oh, help me to conquer all sorrow, like Thee.

Hope's green banner, Redeemer, victorious  
wave ;

How bitter Thy cross amid Calvary's gloom !

Thy triumph how wondrous, how grand, o'er  
the tomb !

## CONSOLATION.

*HAMMERICH.*

### I.



PILGRIM between death and life,  
In the deep and gloomy vale,  
Art thou crushed by grief and strife?  
Nothing earthly can avail;  
Bear thy burden and march on;  
Soon is all thy sorrow gone.

### II.

Grasp thy Saviour's hand with trust;  
From the Father's richest heart,  
Brings to thee, O child of dust!  
Pity, solace, for thy smart;  
To God's chosen, ne'er to cease,  
Flows compassion's sweetest peace.

## III.

And thou goest not alone ;  
Listen to those accents clear ;  
On the path where millions moan,  
Pilgrims anguished pilgrims cheer,  
Rushing from the tempest's strand  
To the bright, the promised land.

## IV.

Hand in hand, with festal song,  
Troubles, trials we forget.  
Oh, call not the journey long,  
If we all at last have met  
In the Father's happy home,  
Never more in fear to roam !—

## V.

Home, where stands the grandest throne,  
In whose rays the sun grows dim ;  
Home, where flowers of light are sown,  
And the living rivers swim ;  
Home, where all is life and rest ;  
Home, upon our Saviour's breast.

## VI.

Triumphs hope, float songs of joy  
Through the valley dark and deep ;  
We have vanquished all annoy,  
We have climbed the steepest steep ;  
We have reached redemption's shore,  
And we weep and pine no more.

## THE GUARDIAN OF THE SOUL.

*KAMPMANN.*

### I.



IM I know well, to whom I glad have  
given

My soul to be eternally His own ;  
He is the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
—hath striven

To send His living grace to my deep moan.  
Well for me, Jesus sweet, that I know Thee,  
Have faith that Thou a Saviour art to me.

### II.

Blessed the ears that heard Thee, the Redeemer ;  
Blessed the eyes that Thee, my Jesus, saw ;

When Thou, divinest, scorned as a blasphemer,  
Didst march to death for love's celestial law.  
But I, my Jesus, Thee shall see and hear,—  
Hear, see the glory of a grander sphere.

III.

Oh, holy hope ! oh, peerless consolation !  
Oh, happy heaven, opened by Thy hand !  
My soul thirsts for the fountain of salvation,  
Longs for the rapture of the brighter land !  
Robed in Thy radiance, Christ, I shall be Thine ;  
Robed in Thy Father's light, Thou shalt be  
mine.

IV.

To be all Thine, and ever Thine, I yearning  
Pray that Thy Spirit, strength, may guide my  
feet,  
That to the left, the right, I, never turning,  
May rush straight on, with steps firm, valiant,  
fleet.  
In Thee I hope, Beloved, in Thee I trust,—  
Thou hearest us poor children of the dust.



## BROTHERLY LOVE.

*KAMPMANN.*

### I.



O call Thee, Father, Lord is sweet,  
For all our weak and erring race ;  
But when in discord brothers meet,  
They lose the child's exalted place.  
As Jesus loved, oh, may we love,  
Each linked to each as brothers true,—  
Each hand-in-hand, till we renew  
The bond in better lands above.

### II.

Thou dost Thyself this bond create,—  
Makest us one upon the earth ;  
We have one spirit, blood, and fate,  
Are sharers of one common birth.

Thou hearest, Lord, the cry of all,  
Thou art to all a guardian kind ;  
If we have all in bondage pined,  
By faith Thou all dost disenthral.

## III.

Never, O Father, may I break  
The chain of sweetest unity !  
Never, O God, may I forsake  
Thine own sublimest harmony !  
Though men's deceit and violence  
May make me breathe the bitter moan,  
Yet may I pardon,—Thou art known  
By Thy forgiveness immense.

## IV.

Let Christ's example, doctrine teach,  
Kindle and sanctify my soul.  
In love may I perfection reach,  
Though far in saintship from the goal !  
With contrite heart and humbled head  
May I by mercy imitate  
Lord Jesus, the Compassionate ;  
By pity's power His kingdom spread.

## BROTHERLY LOVE.

*BROBSON.*

### I.



THE world's huge wilderness behold !  
How dreary and how dark and cold !  
Anger and jealousy and hate  
Are evermore its awful fate ;  
There sigh and cry meet sigh and cry ;  
But where is tender charity ?

### II.

Yet, spite of guilt and spite of moan,  
On earth, our Father knows His own ;  
They are His chief and chosen band,  
The pilgrims to a better land ;  
On earth a hidden treasure, they,  
Though giving earth its brightest day.

## III.

There is a sweet unfailing sign  
Wherewith is marked This race divine :  
Touched by the Spirit from above,  
They fervent love as brothers love ;  
The valiant with the feeble go,—  
The high cling shielding to the low.

## IV.

Branches all of the mystic vine,  
With each, with Christ they intertwine ;  
Place, time, and trial, diligence,  
May seal each with a difference ;  
Still are they all one heart in God,—  
They all the path of love have trod.

## V.

Pileth the builder stone on stone,—  
The stones grow one, grand as a throne ;  
The great are blended with the small,  
To fashion mighty tower and wall ;  
By fire and water vainly tried,  
As temple they are sanctified.

## VI.

O ye to whom sweet Christ is dear  
Draw ever to each other near ;  
The vow baptismal consecrate  
By love ; oh, be compassionate ;  
Remember what the Saviour said,  
For what, sublime, His blood was shed.

## VII.

Jesus, who camest from on high,  
For pardon, pity, peace to die ;  
From rising sun to setting sun,  
Thy kingdom spread and make us one,  
That we may have the foretaste sweet  
Of love, where all the loved ones meet.

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

*GRUNDTVIG.*

### I.



ILL face to face our God we see.  
And blend our heart with God's  
deep heart,  
On earth, as in the heaven, three  
From marvel great to marvel dart ;  
Grace brings them radiant from the sky,  
To strengthen men to live and die,—  
Their names are Faith, Hope, Charity.

### II.

Our faith is not in what loud boasts,  
And curses louder, but in Him,

Creator, Saviour, Lord of Hosts,  
Round whom the spheres in music swim ;  
Faith free to all whose soul and mind  
Are in humility inclined  
To welcome truth—the stern, the kind.

## III.

Our hope is founded not on dreams,  
Floateth not dimly in the air ;  
Built on God's word, hope grandly gleams,  
Cheering to human need and care ;  
Life, blessedness our hope proclaims,  
And over flash immortal flames,  
Angelic wings, the dead's sweet names,

•

## IV.

Wild glare our Charity is not,  
A fitful blaze 'mid mist and smoke ;  
But altar in a chosen spot,  
Burning for Him who crushed our yoke.  
Our Charity Christ's word obeys,  
Followeth Him in all His ways,  
Would all things suffer for His praise.

## V.

Our Faith sings best a Christmas song,  
With angels and as angels sing ;  
Hope can seraphic notes prolong  
When Paschal glories rapture bring ;  
Ever doth Charity abide ;  
But tongues of fire, at Whitsuntide,  
Pour full her anthem, mystic, wide.

✱



## THE TRANSITORINESS OF LIFE.

*KAMPMANN.*

### I.



Y life is as the morning dew,  
And time is as the rapid stream ;  
And though the day shall dawn anew,  
It never more for me may gleam.  
Oh, help me, God, to make each day  
A holy triumph in Thy way !

### II.

How fleeting is all earthly bliss,—  
Youth, beauty, strength, the grandest things !  
“ Is there a brighter world than this ? ”  
Hope cries ; but swift Death’s gloomy wings  
Veil hope and joy. Oh, break my chain  
To treasures frail, to pleasures vain !

## III.

O Father, by Thy wise decree,  
Earth for a season is our scene,  
That we by faith may learn to be  
Pure, humble, holy, and serene.  
Teach us each day to sanctify;  
Give us the peace for which we sigh!

## IV.

The number of my days is known  
To Thee alone; when comes at last  
My setting sun, may I disown  
Earth's thoughts as follies of the past;  
But though by faith I scorn the grave,  
May I still mercy, mercy crave!

## THE HOUR OF DEATH.

*NAUR.*

I.



WHEN my tongue can sing no more,  
When my lips have ceased to pray,  
Silent may I still adore,—  
Eager, Saviour, seek Thy way !  
Hear, O Christ, my latest sigh ;  
Open wide the gates on high,  
For my soul, which angels bear  
Home to glory, deathless, rare ;—

II.

Home to heaven's kingdom sweet ;  
Home to join the chosen band,

Seraph, seraphim to meet ;  
Home to courts where reigneth grand  
Mercy's Monarch ; home to dwell  
With the God who loves me well ;  
Home to all my fathers dear ;  
Home my Christ to serve and fear.

## THE CONQUEROR OF DEATH.

*EWALD.*

### I.



FROM Golgotha, in armour bright,  
Hero, break forth, Thy red shield  
raise,  
For I am vanquished in the fight ;  
Sin's, death's bold banners baleful blaze.

### II.

Wrathful Thy glaive lift up on high ;  
Them crush that scoff at God and Thee ;  
With potent arm them grand defy  
That war with light, and menace me.

III.

Then shall I, trusting in Thy hand,  
Foul sin, grim death, fear never more ;  
Hopeful, behold the better land,  
Beyond earth's gloom, life's sunny shore.

## HEAVEN AND EARTH.

*TIMM.*

I.



HE children of the world have many  
friends,—

The children of the light seek only  
One;

But He knows all thy faults and needs, and  
sends

Amendment, succour, ere thou art undone.

Steals timidly to Him thy lonely sigh,

He heeds it swifter than the loudest cry;

Where pious souls in saddest silence weep,

The solaces of Christ are prompt and deep.

## II.

The children of the world have many ways ;  
The children of the light seek only one ;  
But grace's corner-stone is there,—oh, gaze  
Boldly on terrors grim thou fain wouldst  
shun.  
Thorns crowd and cumber the wild flinty track ;  
Let them not, weary pilgrim, drive thee back.  
Thy Brother, Jesus, trod this path of pain ;  
Before Him, as He marched, gleamed grandest  
gain.

## III.

The children of the world have many joys,  
The children of the light seek only one ;  
But like a stream with flowery banks that toys,  
The living waters of my rapture run.  
The fountain of my gladness manifold,  
Of valours, strengths, resolves, and hopes untold,  
Is my dear Saviour's rich and yearning breast ;  
Faith is the pledge and prelude of my rest.



## IV.

The children of the world have many realms,  
The children of the light seek only one ;  
But when all else fierce ruin overwhelms,  
The demon spares the realm which Christ  
hath won.  
Redemption's triumphs hosts of angels sing ;  
With grace's victories the heavens ring ;  
Thy kingdom's peace, Christ, is no earthly  
peace ;  
'Tis ever deeper, sweeter,—cannot cease.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT.

*HJORT.*

### I.



FIRM as a rock God's promises remain ;

Heaven as a dream may pass away ;  
But God shall, valiant, sure His word  
maintain ;

Neareth the great, the awful day,  
When, thunders fiercely crashing  
And stars in conflict dashing,  
The Saviour shall, in glory's robe and crown,  
To judge the children of the dust, come down.

### II.

Now torn are all the cunning veils of guilt ;  
Omniscience men's devices spurns ;

God's word is truth,—on truth His throne is  
built ;

His truth men's lies devouring burns.

Man's ways—false, foolish—knowing,

But with grace overflowing,

He judgeth man with grandest righteousness,—  
Transgressions curseth, holy deeds doth bless.

III.

Behold in terror wild the sinner wail,

Who boldly rioted in wrong,

And mocked faith's warning as a worthless tale !

Grim, mad despairs around him throng !

And now, no more dissembling,

An abject craven trembling,

He hears the dreadful cry of sternest doom—

Away, away to realms of woe and gloom !

IV.

But sweetest peace, sweetest, divinest rest

Reward the pure and pious hearts

That ever panted for the Father's breast,  
And loathed sin's lusts and snares and arts ;  
Humbly and contrite ever,  
God's grace refusing never,  
Long in earth's wilderness condemned to roam,  
They now in Christ's own Eden find a home.

## THE JOYS OF THE REDEEMED.

*BRORSON.*

### I.



HOSTS joining hosts in raiment white  
Like countless snow-clad mountains  
bright,  
Wave in the everlasting calm  
Green forests of undying palm,  
Before God's throne in infinite delight.

### II.

Oh, who are they? The saints are they  
That long trod tribulation's way;  
But free and glad burst from the grave,  
Through Christ, omnipotent to save,  
And gained the courts of the eternal day.

III.

There hold they their grand jubilee,  
Wave chasing wave on music's sea;  
While angels swell the anthem deep,  
The vast sublime orchestral sweep,  
Ecstatic, mystic praise, O God, to Thee.

IV.

On earth their lot was grief and shame ;  
Behold them now in glory flame !  
The splendour of God's throne is theirs ;  
Life's crown each saint exultant wears ;  
Each in priest's robes adores Jehovah's name.

V.

Oft pain and poverty they bore ;  
Oft tears gushed from their anguish sore ;  
But God, their Father, called them home,—  
Called them in paradise to roam ;  
Clasped to the Father's heart, they weep no  
more.

## VI.

A Feast of Tabernacles high  
They keep for ever in the sky ;  
And where life's river healing flows,  
'Mid vales of beauty and repose,  
Jesus leads in the guests all lovingly.

## VII.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye brave, rejoice,  
Lift up with thankfulness your voice ;  
Rejoice that ye were faithful found ;  
Rejoice that, bursting from the ground,  
Ye victors rose, redemption's prey and choice.

## VIII.

Earth's gifts and solaces ye spurned ;  
Now reap the harvest ye have earned,—  
The harvest of the seed ye sowed,  
With sorrow's pang and gloom and load.  
The angels sing ; their brothers have returned.

IX.

Let the grand harvest-home be sung ;  
Wave the palm-branches ever young ;  
The toil is o'er, the deed is done,  
Salvation's mighty triumph won.  
Praise God, praise Jesus, every heart and tongue.





*PART FOURTH.*

**SEASONS.**





## SEEDTIME.

*RASMUSSEN.*

### I.



LABOUR and pray, and thou shalt  
gain  
A help in need, a strength in pain.  
Thus saith God's Word, that law  
sublime  
For all earth's varied clime and time.  
We what the Father hath decreed  
Fulfil, and hopeful sow the seed.

### II.

It lies embosomed in the field ;  
Our daily bread rich may it yield.

Father, Thy loving hand we trust,  
With spirit soaring from the dust ;  
Crown Thou our hopes and diligence ;  
Blessings in harvest-tide dispense.

## III.

This crave we for the Saviour's sake :  
Thy glory, grace may we partake.  
In Christ Thou, Father, gavest peace,  
And Heaven's rapture and release ;  
But while we wait for things above,  
Earth pours the treasures of Thy love.

## S U M M E R.

*ANONYMOUS.*

### I.



OW comes the bright and happy time,  
Earth teems with Heaven's loveliness ;  
Sweet summer smiles her smile sublime,  
And round her wraps her gorgeous dress.  
God's sun with fertilizing glow  
Hallows the peasant's stalwart blow ;  
And quickens, strengthens, fires, makes bold  
What trembled in the winter's cold.

### II.

A verdant opulence arrays  
The hill, the plain ; the springing seed,  
The crowding flowers, the forest maze,  
Gladden the soul to hopeful deed.

They tell us all of Mercy's King ;  
The seasons, with their fleeting wing,  
Night chasing day, day chasing night,  
To awe and gratitude invite.

## III.

The joyous birds, with varied note,  
Salute the earth, salute the sky ;  
Shall not, like theirs, our praises float  
To God, the mystic harmony ?  
God's loving-kindness grand proclaim,  
My soul, with words of sacred flame ;  
Ecstatic, seek the mystic source  
That guides and cheers our earthly course.

## IV.

Lord Jesus Christ, Redeemer kind,  
Sun of our holiness and bliss ;  
Thy light, Lord, may we ever find,  
And may we never seek amiss !  
Love's purest ardours through us dart,  
And warm our cold and selfish heart ;  
Quench lust's unhallowed blaze, illumine  
Our spirit in our grief and gloom.

## V.

Thou fragrant flower, Thou Sharon's Rose,  
Thou Lily in the Father's vale ;  
Thy splendours may I glad disclose,  
Thine image sanctify and hail !  
May fall Thy grace my soul upon,  
As falls the dew on Lebanon !  
Blossom and ripen may in me  
The seeds from the Eternal Tree !

## VI.

Oh, bless, Thou God Almighty, bless,  
With fruitfulness our native land ;  
Be mindful of our need's excess,  
Pour plenty with a Father's hand.  
May fatness dropping from on high  
Nourish the earth with things that die ;  
While from Thy word the sweetness springs  
Which feeds the soul with deathless things.



## HARVEST.

ZETLITZ.

### I.



HE Friend, the Father, God adore ;  
The Lord with fervent spirit praise ;  
To Him glad let our anthems soar,  
For glad to us are all His ways.  
Sends not the Father blessing, gain,  
Our wisdom and our toil are vain :  
To life, to order gave He birth,—  
He sanctifies, adorns the earth.

### II.

Thou art not from us, Lord, concealed,  
All nature grand Thy bounty shows ;  
Thy yearning love, sublime revealed,  
To us unmeasured overflows.

We know Thy promises are sure,  
We know Thy mercies great endure,—  
Seed-time, the harvest's full increase,  
The huge earth over never cease.

## III.

Near and afar Thy power is seen,  
Near and afar Thy pity known ;  
Thy footstep makes the desert green,  
And rich with flowers the moorland lone.  
Nor us, O Lord, dost Thou forget;  
Thou changest, God, our labour's sweat  
Into a plenteous, potent dew,  
Earth to transfigure and renew.

## IV.

In laud to Thee the scythes resound,  
In laud to Thee the sickles sweep ;  
Our bursting granaries are crowned  
With sheaves on sheaves in millions deep.  
How warm our joy and gratitude !  
On us, and all things living, food  
The Lord bestows. Serene and bold  
We face the winter, barren, cold.

## V.

Loud, ever louder be our cry,  
Of holy rapture, holy love ;  
Lord, hear our prayer, hear our sigh,  
And send Thy Spirit from above.  
Oh, let our life unceasing be  
A psalm of thankfulness to Thee ;  
Oh, let our life a harvest wave  
With fruits immortal from the grave !

## AUTUMN.

*GRUNDTVIG.*

### I.



THE forest is fading, its leaves are dead ;  
The voice of the birds is heard no  
more ;  
A solemn pilgrim, the stork, hath  
fled,  
And the swallow hath rushed to a sunnier  
shore.

### II.

In the fields waved rich the golden grain,  
Making music sweet in the playful breeze ;  
But the gold is dim, and the ears are slain,  
And the stubble is sad like the drooping trees.

## III.

But our barns are filled with the gifts of God,  
With the cheerful stores, with the generous  
food ;  
We rejoice in our toil, spite of blackened clod  
And sterile stubble and desolate wood.

## IV.

He that sendeth the harvest to gladden the  
earth  
Sends His word eternal to gladden our heart ;  
And we welcome His word with a holier mirth  
Than the autumn treasures that swift depart.

## V.

With joy unspoken, with fervent song,  
For His bounties boundless we thank and  
praise ;  
For life, and the grand and countless throng  
Of hopes and mercies that crown our days.

## VI.

And all the year, and year after year,  
    He gives us, along with plenty, peace ;  
And smiles away winter and gloom and fear,  
    Brings back summer's splendour and autumn's  
    increase.

## VII.

And when our own harvest of days is shorn,  
    When the grave is our winter, cold, dark,  
    and dread,  
In a summer immortal we new are born,  
    And the odours of Eden are round us shed.

## VIII.

We dwell without care in that Eden sweet,  
    Like the birds that neither sow nor reap ;  
Our speechless raptures nor fade nor fleet,  
    And no tears but tears of delight we weep.

## IX.

For the autumn here and the autumn there  
Be glory to Him whose name is Love ;  
Be glory to Christ, whose sorrows we share,  
And whose joys we shall share in our homes  
above.

## X.

To the Holy Spirit let glory be ;  
He teacheth and gladdens, He leads, inspires ;  
The things unseen through the Spirit we see,  
And to suns He changeth our earthly fires.

## THE ADVENT OF WINTER.

*BOYE.*

I.



WIFTLY the year hath run its round ;  
Meadow and grove are desolate ;  
Summer, farewell, with roses crowned ;  
Farewell thy song, thy gorgeous  
state.

II.

Grim winter's mournful voice I hear ;  
Like summer's charms, all fades away ;  
But what can comfort, strengthen, cheer  
Is not of time or change the prey.



## III.

The sun may wander from his path,  
And blackest night may overwhelm the world ;  
God's wisdom doubt nor blackness hath ;  
God cannot from His throne be hurled.

## IV.

The leaf may shrivel on the bough ;  
The blade may wither in the field ;  
God's mercy, in the past and now,  
Immutable, is grand revealed.

## V.

I know where gladness hath its home,  
When winter's snows enwrap the waste ;  
From Bethlehem sweet accents roam,—  
The singers joy eternal taste.

## VI.

I know where hope immortal dwells,  
Where nothing perishes or pines.  
Christ's tree on Golgotha excels  
All trees,—its crown for ever shines.

VII.

While all without is cold and dead,  
And nature seems one mighty tomb,  
Within my soul with faith is fed,  
My heart is rich with Eden's bloom.

VIII.

Christ gives me everlasting spring ;  
In winter's storm's and death's despite ;  
He burst the grave, and He can bring  
Me through the grave to life and light.

## CHRISTMAS.

*KAMPMANN.*

### I.



JESUS, our Redeemer,  
Who camest down to earth,  
We celebrate Thy glory,  
In tones of holy mirth.  
Oh, wondrous loving-kindness !  
All knees to Thee shall bend.  
From Thy high throne in heaven  
Thou didst to dust descend.

### II.

Go forth to all earth's kingdoms,  
Ye messengers of peace,  
To sinful souls proclaiming  
God's charter of release :—

To us is born a Saviour,  
No heart can now despair ;  
God's peace, God's peace returneth,—  
In life and death 'tis there.

## III.

Thee, Thee, the Lord's anointed,  
With fervid lips we greet ;  
The sanctuary was opened,  
When Thou, with holy feet,  
Didst tread this scene of sorrow ;  
'Twas opened for each heart  
Which penitent confesseth  
That Thou the Saviour art.

## IV.

Praise warm and thanks abounding  
To Thee for ever be ;  
May we seek valiant, faithful,  
Thy grace while seeking Thee.  
And may we meet the Saviour  
In glory's courts above,  
And sing strains everlasting  
To everlasting love !

## CHRISTMAS.

*RAMUS.*

### I.



CHRISTIAN, above all other days  
Is this day beautiful and glad ;  
Away with grief,—rejoicing, praise ;  
If Christ thou lovest, be not sad.  
This day was Christ our brother born,  
To save, to cheer a world forlorn.

### II.

This day the Son of God came down  
Sin's mighty conqueror to be ;  
He faced affliction's fiercest frown,  
And died, our race to teach and free.  
He rose and to the Father went ;  
He leads us to God's firmament.

## III.

With lips of rapture, lips of flame,  
We own the boundless debt we owe ;  
We strive Thy glory to proclaim.  
Kindle, O Christ, a grander glow.  
The ransomed may we join above,  
And praise with Love the King of Love.

## THE DYING YEAR.

*LUND.*

I.



HE year is dying, dying fast ;  
Oh, have I spent it well ?  
Have I from me transgressions cast,  
And sought with Thee to dwell ?  
Lord, have I, with increasing years,  
Increasing wisdom won ?  
Forsworn what vanisheth in tears,  
And found my being's Sun ?

II.

Oh, pity me ! oh, pity me !  
Thou knowest all my heart ;  
How oft I turn away from Thee,  
Though Thou my Saviour art !

---

All my offences, Lord, forgive,  
Let Thy compassion flow ;  
Ever may I diviner live,  
And ever purer grow.

## III.

If merciful Thou dost augment  
The treasure of my days,  
Tell me the treasure is but lent,  
Teach me on death to gaze ;—  
How soon this feeble frame of dust  
May perish, pass away !  
Thou numberest our days ; for trust,  
For watchfulness I pray.

## IV.

Why, Father, should I weakly pine  
For things corrupt and frail ?  
Desire divine for things divine,  
Lord, kindle,—hear my wail !  
Lord, while I live, be Thou me near,  
Be near me when I die ;  
Give hope sublimer, year by year,  
Of immortality.



## THE NEW YEAR.

*TIMM.*

I.



IN the dawn of the year, go forth my  
soul,  
Drive doubt and fear away ;  
Past years the promise and pledge  
unroll

Of a grace that cannot decay.  
Thy hopes, thy yearnings, thy needs proclaim ;  
Thy prayer breathe warm in the Saviour's name.

II.

What desirest thou ? Days, happy, sweet,—  
To flesh and blood a repast



---

No, soul, that wish for thee is not meet ;  
Can faith and faith's fruits blast.  
Commend thy way to thy Father's hand,—  
Seek the Holy Spirit, the Unseen Land.

## III.

When God makes the sun of gladness shine,  
His grace forget thou not ;  
When the crown of thorns and the cross are  
thine,  
Brave bear affliction's lot.  
God giveth, God taketh,—His glory proclaim ;  
Him praise and serve in the Saviour's name.

## IV.

Thou prayest, my heart! For what prayest thou ?  
Dost thou pray to God for repose ?  
To earth's peace a thousand paths lead thee now.  
Only faith, the heart's peace knows.  
Where the Saviour's word dwelleth within the  
breast,  
The palm of peace waveth its holy crest.

## V.

Oh, pray then, pray that the peace of thy breast  
May ne'er by earth's pleasures be rent ;  
Oh, pray that thou mayest welcome the rest  
By a voice from heaven sent :  
Pray that thou mayest God's love proclaim,  
By a life sublime, in the Saviour's name.

## VI.

What hopest thou, wishest thou? Still to abide  
With thy dear ones, for them to toil !  
Faith blames thee not, 'tis a noble pride,  
Amid earth's base turmoil.  
Yea, 'tis noble on earth to remain,  
To scatter joy and to sweeten pain.

## VII.

If I cannot these blessings bestow and behold,  
I seek not dark death to shun.  
My hope is in Thee, and my trust is bold,  
And I cry, God's will be done.  
His loving-kindness I glad proclaim ;  
And I fall asleep in the Saviour's name.

## THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

*PRAM—GAD.*

### I.



**O**PENED is our church's year ;  
Open is the temple's door ;  
Glad the worshippers draw near,  
God's true word to hear once more ;  
Beckons God,—each holy chime,  
Sweet renews each holy time.

### II.

With our dear Redeemer we  
Our triumphant entrance hold ;  
On Thy path, Christ, waving see  
Palms, as in the days of old !  
By each heart and by each tongue  
To Thee are hosannas sung.

## III.

Here are only fragments small  
Of Christ's temple grand and vast ;  
Far and near and over all  
Its exalted arch is cast ;  
Yet 'tis well if we can say  
Christ is with us here this day.

## IV.

Yea, the voice of psalms is here,—  
Here is baptism's mystic power ;  
Here the altar's flame burns clear ;  
Here hope, faith, their raptures shower ;  
Here the Word divine shall roll,  
Waken, awe, rebuke, console.

## MORNING.

*INGEMANN.*

### I.



HE sun is rising in the east,  
Clothing the cloud with richest  
gold ;  
O'er mountain, sea, as to a feast,  
Marching with glory manifold.

### II.

He cometh from the lovely land  
Where Paradise reposed sublime ;  
Life, joy he pours with bounteous hand,  
On great and small, from clime to clime.

## III.

His rays are smiles which us salute,  
From Eden sweet, where angels glowed ;  
Where stood the tree with deathless fruit,  
Where life's eternal fountain flowed.

## IV.


He greets us from the home of light,  
Where grandest flamed the light of God.  
O Star of Bethlehem ! Oh, night,  
When star-inspired the wise men trod.

## V.

Yea, from the East gleams with God's sun  
A mystic glory on our race ;  
A splendour for a world undone ;  
A reflex glad from God's own face.

## VI.

And all the stars their homage pay,  
When bursts the sun from eastern skies,  
Image of a diviner day,—  
The Star whose radiance never dies.



VII.


O Star of Bethlehem ! be thine  
Our hearts, our praise, our fervent love ;  
To us may all the beams that shine  
Be symbols of the light above.



## EVENING.

*KINGO.*


I.

 HE day departs and its toils are past ;  
The sun hath set, and darkness fast  
Is chasing light with a cloudy  
frown.

Thank God, oh, my weary, my wounded heart,  
That, forgetting all earth's labour and smart,  
Under God's shelter thou canst lie down.

II.

Mark and meditate, pray and praise ;  
Of grace's miracles, grace's days,  
Glad, grateful, reckon the mighty sum ;  
In rapture, and yet with cry and sigh,  
Let tears of penitence fill thine eye,  
Ere to thine eye sweet slumber come.



## III.

I thank Thee, Father, I thank Thee, God,  
That from guilt's tortures, from sorrow's rod,  
    Thou hast me freed by Thy potent hand.  
Let Thy mercy great watch over my rest,  
And from night's perils, oh, shield my breast.  
    Send my spirit help from the spirit's land.

## IV.

Away, away, ye dreams of sin !  
Rich visions of heaven, stream ye in  
    To the hunger and thirst of exalted thought !  
Beware, oh, my soul, beware, beware,  
Lest Satan steal on thee with chain and snare,  
    When sleep's deep blindness thou hast sought !

## V.

Yet do not tremble to seek repose ;  
It will shed a dew and a balm on thy woes ;  
    For thy Jesus, thy Christ, forsakes thee not.  
He gives thee joy and He gives thee peace,  
He gives thee health and He gives thee increase,  
    And He guards and guides thee and hallows  
    thy lot,

## VI.

Then sleep, oh, sleep in the Saviour's arms,  
And scorn and banish all earth's alarms.

On my Saviour's bosom my head I lay ;  
Through darkest darkness He leadeth me.  
My last slumber He blesseth ; I wake and see  
The glories of everlasting day.

## SABBATH MORN.

*GRUNDTVIG.*

### I.



FROM death, Christ, on the Sabbath  
morn,  
A conqueror arose ;  
And when each Sabbath dawn is born  
For death a healing grows.  
This day proclaims an ended strife,  
And Christ's benign and holy life.

### II.

By countless lips the wondrous tale  
Is told throughout the earth ;  
Ye that have ears to hear, oh, hail  
That tale with sacred mirth.  
Awake, my soul, rise from the dead,  
See life's grand light around thee shed.

## III.

Death trembles each sweet Sabbath hour,  
Death's brother, darkness, quakes ;  
Christ's word speaks with divinest power,  
Christ's truth its silence breaks ;  
They vanquish with their valiant breath  
The reign of darkness and of death.

*PART FIFTH.*

**SERVICES AND RITES.**





## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

*HJORT.*

I.



IN Thy temple, Lord, we meet  
Thee, our Father, to adore ;  
Give us grace's manna sweet ;  
Purify us more and more,  
That our heart may ever be,  
With Thy word divine and Thee.

II.

With the breath of truth sublime,  
Us enrich, transform, renew ;



Teach us valour's steep to climb,  
And Thy precepts to pursue,  
Treasure deep Thy grand decrees,  
Strive and strive our God to please.

## III.

Let the holy word we hear  
Kindle in us faith and hope ;  
Let us cherish, in Thy fear,  
Noble impulse, noble scope :  
May Thy blessing crown our days,  
May Thy blessing crown our praise

## BAPTISM.

*GRUNDTVIG.*

### I.



BRING the little children near ;  
They know neither guilt nor fear ;  
In their mouth is found no guile ;  
On them falls God's richest smile ;  
On them rests God's loving hand ;  
They scorn not His guidance grand,  
What His mercy deep hath planned.

### II.

Flesh is what of flesh is born,  
Sin's fruit, death's heir, doomed, forlorn ;  
Water and the Spirit burst  
Sin's, death's bondage, dark, accursed.

Thus, and only thus, we soar  
Through the holy, wondrous door,  
God to clasp for evermore.

## III.

Bring the little children near,  
Christ hath vanquished guilt and fear ;  
Through Him life sublimer lives ;  
He the mystic baptism gives.  
Whoso from the mystic stream  
Riseth with faith's boldest gleam,  
Him doth Christ's large love redeem.

## IV.

Holy Spirit, Father, Son,  
For us in faith's union one ;  
With the little children make  
Covenant, sin's might to break.  
On God's heart may they repose,  
On God's heart forget all woes,  
In Christ's name defy all foes.

## CONFIRMATION.

*FRIMANN.*

### I.



H, with Thy spirit, power, and grace  
Sublimely with us, Father, be ;  
With solemn joy we seek Thy face ;  
In Christ's dear name we worship  
Thee.

Bless with Thy richest tenderness  
Them that Thee here, Lord God, confess ;  
Father, oh, strengthen them that they  
Into Thy covenant and way  
With their whole bosom enter may.

### II.

Lord, help Thou them, and help us all  
Thy way and covenant to keep ;

On Thy name may we, trusting, call,  
When brave we fight or worn we weep.  
How soon, how oft astray we go  
To paths of folly, guilt, and woe!  
Oh, when we wander from the track,  
And when the clouds of doom are black,  
In pity bring us, Father, back.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

*BOYE.*

I.



SAVIOUR! to this holy place  
Thou callest us with words of grace ;  
The mystic feast we taste with Thee,  
Thy friends and guests, O Lord, are  
we.

II.

Thou biddest us, Thy brothers glad,  
To come in festive garments clad.  
Thou lovest us with love divine ;  
Is not our soul betrothed to Thine ?

## III.

We pray Thy Holy Spirit may  
Himself us pure and grand array ;  
Lack may the wedding-garment none,  
And be rejected and undone.

## IV.

First, Saviour ! let us lay aside  
That worst adornment, foolish Pride ;  
And then put on—gift of the sky !—  
That raiment best, Humility.

## V.

The diamond's flash, the gleam of gold,  
Prepare us not for joys untold.  
The noblest jewel I can wear  
Is Faith ;—oh, give that jewel rare !

## VI.

Grant me, as vesture, Hope intense ;  
I scorn the world's magnificence.  
Though poor, I shall be rich, and rest  
In rapture on my Saviour's breast.

## VII.

The purple robes, the bliss of kings,  
Are here but mean and worthless things.  
Yearn, burn we with sublime desire,  
Then have we Heaven's true attire.

## VIII.

The precious pearl, the gorgeous gem,  
Star proud the prince's diadem ;  
Pearls, gems far richer Thou dost prize—  
Tears of contrition in our eyes ;

## IX,

Tears bitter, for our guilty hands  
That mocked Thy holy, just commands ;  
Tears scalding, for Thy cross, Thy tomb,  
That saved us from the dreadest doom.

## X.

And thus Thy table I draw near  
With joy, and yet with pious fear ;  
But soon my doubts and terrors end ;  
Thou greetest me as guest and friend.



## .XI.

Thou givest me the bread of life,  
As strength for earth's unceasing strife ;  
And with the mystic cup I gain  
Valour that smiles at loss and pain.

## MARRIAGE.

*MALLING.*

### I.



FATHER of all, great God of life,  
In prayer we draw near to Thee ;  
May husband valiant, loving wife,  
Thy richest, gladdest glory see.  
In youth's pure breast fire kindlest Thou,  
Clothest with strength man's arm and brow ;  
Crowned with grey hair, the old before Thee bow.

### II.

Thy sky and earth are beautiful,—  
Beautiful is Thy mighty main ;  
But all is beauty in Thy rule  
To him who would Thy blessing gain.

From winter's bosom bursts the spring ;  
To thorns the lovely roses cling ;  
From Nature's grave Thou life and light dost  
bring.

## III.

Friend bound with friend, here gathered, we  
God's gifts most manifold would praise ;  
On God's sweet smile or stern decree,  
With eyes of gratitude would gaze,—  
Would all as goodness, justice hail,  
All being's forms as mercy's veil,—  
From age to age God's love can never fail.

## IV.

Oh, let this day of deep delight  
Be blessèd other days above ;  
As years rush on with rapid flight,  
Dear may it be to Thee and love ;  
May the glad wedded pair be Thine ;  
Oh, make their home a home divine ;  
Through pious homes may grand our country  
shine.

## CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

*FRIMANN.*

L



OR house nor land  
Can, Lord, encompass Thee ;  
Nor earth's vast circle, nor the heaven  
grand,  
Thy dwelling-place can be.  
All-seeing God,  
Diffused through star and clod,  
Thou on Thy flock dost gaze  
Kneeling to Thee in praise ;  
Our bosom feels that Thou art here,  
And bounds to the remotest sphere,  
Where all Thy mystic glories blaze.

## II.

Look, Father, down  
On us; for Christ's dear sake  
This spot with holiness perennial crown;  
Christ's grace may it partake!  
In word divine,  
In sacred bread and wine,  
We solace seek, and light,  
And love and righteous might.  
Us as a Father guard and guide;  
Here may Christ's spirit, Thine, abide;  
Here arm us with Christ's armour bright.

## III.

What countless hearts,  
By wildest anguish torn,—  
Pierced by despair's or by remorse's darts,—  
Shall here lament forlorn!  
O God most High,  
Hear their deep sorrow's sigh;  
Let them Thy peace behold,  
And, strengthened and consoled,  
Exalted, purified, adore;  
Learning, from tortures fierce and sore,  
Thy tender mercies manifold.

## IV.

O God, we pray,  
From this Thy earthly shrine,  
That Thou, with richest, gladdest, grandest ray,  
Wouldst on our country shine,  
Hear Thou our cry,  
Through Christ on Calvary;  
We trust with fervent breast,  
That Thou wilt give us rest,  
And turn all loss to deathless gain,  
And bring eternal life from pain,—  
If through the Saviour we request,

## V.

Draws near the time  
When we our strains shall blend  
With angel voices in a fane sublime;  
Sing songs that never end—  
Thee, Father, see  
Unveiled and full and free,  
And Jesus, Thy dear Son,  
Whose throne and Thine are one.  
From that stupendous throne shall flow  
All we have yearned for here below;  
And joyous age on age shall run.

## ORDINATION OF PASTORS.

*KINGO.*

I.

**R**EMEMBER well and evermore,  
Ye servants of the word divine,  
What toils your calling hath in store,  
With what rich gifts God's grace  
doth shine :

Salvation forth is poured sublime ;  
Ever is present grace's time ;  
The night is vanquished by the day,—  
God's spirit cherish and display.

II.

Seeing and holding fast God's grace,  
Patient in tribulation dread,  
With hand robust, with valiant face,  
In life and death be what Christ said :

From all the hireling's frailties free,  
To none reproach and stumbling be ;  
Scorn and dishonour never bring  
On Christ, your Saviour and your King.

## III.

The spotless robe of chastity,  
Solemnly, earnestly put on ;  
Be knowledge of the Lord most high  
Your ornament and orison ;  
Longsuffering, serene, and pure,  
Stablished in God's deep breast most sure,  
As heralds of the realm above,  
Ye have your grandest strength through love.

## IV.

Be truth your guide, and truth alone ;  
God's might is your rich recompense ;  
God shall you give, from glory's throne,  
The shield of right for your defence ;  
Faith's spear and right's puissant shield,  
To crush the false, courageous wield ;  
March on, straight on, and never stray  
From the true saint's heroic way.



## V.

Men may heap on you praise, dispraise ;  
By both you God the Father tries ;  
Nor change your heart, nor dim your gaze  
Let men's applauding, scorning cries ;  
Men foolish flatter or defame ;  
The brightest name or blackest name,  
A bad world's homage—calumny—  
What vapour all and vanity !

## VI.

If darkest sorrow gathers round,  
Yet is your soul untroubled, glad ;  
If when foes crush you to the ground,  
Hunger should torture sharp and sad ;  
Yet are ye solaced, for ye know  
Ye have made faith's full fountain flow,  
Unlocked the granary of grace ;—  
Die ; ye have won the fight, the race.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

*FRIMANN.*

### I.



E gathered to our fathers be ;  
If we depart in peace 'tis well.  
Why mourn a doom which makes us  
free ?

Why fear to dwell where angels dwell ?  
Oh, who would wish him back again,  
Who dies as die brave holy men ?

### II.

No ; back again we wish him not,  
Whom Death to his true home hath led.  
Friends leave us : why deplore their lot ?  
Then first they live when with the dead.  
Far o'er the gulf, friends hand-in-hand  
Roam ever in the Better Land.

## III.

Unmarked and swift our years glide on,  
And soon we hear the final call;  
Then be each day an orison  
To Him, the Living Life of all.  
How boldly thou canst face the grave  
Through Him who yearns thy soul to save!

## FUNERAL HYMN.

*THAARUP.*

### I.



THE grave's dark, silent, grim abyss,  
Cruel, devours all living things.  
God sendeth woe and sendeth bliss ;  
He cries, Live, die,—this King of  
kings.

All earth, the sea's profoundest womb,  
Is but one vast and ghastly tomb.

### II.

Unstable as a shepherd's tent  
Is here below our dwelling-place.  
Swift is the weaver's shuttle sent,—  
Our hours as ceaseless run their race ;  
Our deeds are vanity or crime ;  
The longest life a span of time.

## III.

Why shudder at the gloomy grave?  
And death, our certain doom, why dread?  
Grace, hope, and faith—all strong to save—  
On death their valiant glories shed.  
A sudden dawn shall downward leap,  
To break death's sad but transient sleep.

## IV.

The Lord shall shout, the grave shall heave,  
The trumpet sound, the dead awake;  
Despair we cannot—cannot grieve.  
With songs the silence deep we break :  
What means this awful mystery?  
Creation new—eternal sky.

## BURIAL AT SEA.

*FRIMANN.*

### I.

**B**N Christian faith, in honest toil,  
We best forsake earth's fierce turmoil ;  
In hope and holy peace we leave  
The world, too much resigned to  
grieve.

Well for us when, at God's command,  
We haven in the Better Land,  
Regretting not earth's stormy strand.

### II.

We give our brother to the waves ;  
A seaman hath a million graves ;

---

But God's great mercy, though we weep,  
Is with our brother in the deep.  
May be, when all the dead arise  
To meet the judgment of the skies,  
Find grace in our Redeemer's eyes.

*PART SIXTH.*

**PERSONAL RELATIONS.**



11



## THE FATHERLAND.

*BRORSON.*

### I.



THY kingdom come, thou God of  
might,  
In glory over all the earth ;  
And may Thy word exalt, delight,  
The land, the dear land of our birth !  
Oh, give to those Thy word who teach  
A holy life and wisdom deep,  
Persuasive, valiant, potent speech,—  
Souls, a huge host, to save and keep.

### II.

Oh, let Thy kingdom's gleam illumine  
Our ruler's sceptre and his throne ;

May he, sun, vanquishing the gloom,  
Shine with Thy grandest grace alone.  
His kindred and his household bless,  
His household guard, his kindred guide ;  
In truth and love and righteousness,  
Oh, may they evermore abide !

## III.

Under our ruler, them who rule,  
Lord, bless whate'er their order be ;  
May they devoted, dutiful,  
Their country serve by serving Thee.  
In vigour, valour, them array  
For deeds of war or toils of peace ;  
May best they tread the Saviour's way  
When best they seek the land's increase !

## IV.

O God, most gracious, bless the home,—  
Bless father, mother, husband, wife ;  
Ne'er may from Thee their bosoms roam,  
Snared by impurity and strife.

May children cheer the parent's heart,  
Through Thee, the Parent of us all.  
O Thou, who the Good Shepherd art,  
To heaven lead us, great and small.

## V.

Be Thou the gladness of the old,  
The shield, the treasure of the young,  
The widow's solace and stronghold ;  
Love's mantle round the orphan flung.  
Give to the famished plenteous bread ;  
Give to the needy prompt relief.  
Pour on the hardened sinner's head  
Contrition's salutary grief.

## VI.

Succour the sick, the weak sustain ;  
God, break the fetters of the slave ;  
Aid each to bear his cross's pain ;  
God, by Thy Spirit, make us brave.  
And when life's battle fierce is o'er,  
Leaving earth's sterile, stormy strand,  
May we regain a brighter shore,—  
Our first, our last, our better land !

## THE NATIONAL COUNCIL.

*SMITH.*

I.



THOU King of kings, Thou Lord of  
lords, the earth,  
The sky, all things to which Thy love  
gave birth

Thee celebrate ;—benign art Thou.  
Oh, gracious, hear our prayer now ;  
Crown Thou our efforts, consecrate our vow.

II.

Father above, on us look smiling down ;  
On what Thou frownest may we sternly frown ;  
Yet may we, earnest, peace pursue,  
And grow in grace as Jesus grew ;  
And know, as sons of Thine, what ne'er we  
knew,

## III.

Oh, let Thy mystic glory round us flow,  
Bloom, verdure chase the desert's arid glow.  
By bonds which make us nobly free  
Our heart and soul are knit to Thee,  
To whom all homage streams as to a sea,

## IV.

Lord, what Thou plantest climbeth strong and  
high;  
The root of what Thou plantest not shall die.  
Then plant the seed and give increase,—  
Truth, mercy, righteousness, and peace;  
Land happy where this harvest cannot cease!

## RANKS AND CONDITIONS.

*FRIMANN.*

### I.

**B**ANKS and degrees, and riches, power,  
Are dust and dross our God before ;  
The mighty man in glory's hour,  
The beggar at the spurning door,  
Have equal value in Thy gaze.  
Thanks to Thee, Father, thanks and praise,  
All can in hope one prayer raise.

### II.

For all, Thy sun, the valiant, shines ;  
For all, earth giveth her increase ;

---

For all, faith hath her seals and signs ;  
For all, Christ's death is joy and peace.  
Each that obeyeth Thy command  
Thou leadest, with a Father's hand,  
To Thine own mystic, wondrous land.

## III.

Knoweth, consoled the lowly one,  
That Thou His God and Maker art ;  
And that when outcast, scorned, undone,  
He is the nearer to thy heart.  
And may we see—our spirit's food—  
That Thou, the Strong, the Wise, the Good,  
Canst ne'er disown Thy Fatherhood.



W A R.

*HJORT.*

I.



ORD God of Hosts, with bended  
knee  
And humbled heart, we plead to Thee,  
In these dark days of deadly strife.  
O God, omnipotent art Thou  
And Thou canst shield our country now,  
And stay the plague that seeks our life.

II.

O God our Father, hear our cry ;  
It is our hope and trust that nigh  
Is our redemption by Thy hand.  
Have mercy, God, and be our rock ;  
The subtle guile and brutal shock  
Of foes defeat, and save our land.

## III.

In Thee is all our confidence.  
Thy pity, like Thy power, immense,  
Hath oft our solace, succour been.  
Oh, may our combatants be brave !  
Soon may the wearied foeman crave  
A nobler than the battle scene.

## IV.

Come near to help, and oh, come near,  
To keep our heart and conscience clear  
From malice and from bitterness.  
May we in Christ's grand footsteps go,  
And pardon our envenomed foe,  
And pray to Thee our foe to bless !

## V.

The supplication and the wail  
Of mortals weak with Thee prevail ;  
Our wail and supplication heed.  
O God of Love, let vengeance cease ;  
Thou God of Peace, oh, give us peace ;  
Our prayers are our wounds that bleed.

## GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

*KINGO.*

I.



BEFORE us our repast is spread ;  
Before us are Thy bounties shed ;  
Oh, bless, Most High, these gifts of  
Thine,

That we may grow in grace divine.  
To all the creatures lacking food  
Thou art the generous and good.

II.

The land with peace and fruitfulness  
Enrich ; air, earth, and water bless.  
Nourish us with the bread of life,  
Bought by Christ's grand and deadly strife.  
With humble, grateful heart may we  
Accept whatever flows from Thee !

## GRACE AFTER MEAT.

*KINGO.*

I.



OW is ended our repast,  
And our grateful hands we fold ;  
Boundlessly before us cast,  
We recall Thy gifts untold.  
For repose and sweetest peace,  
For the joys that never cease,  
For what now we ate and drank,  
For earth, water, forest, air,  
For their treasures, pleasures rare,  
We Thee, Father, praise and thank.

II.

Lord, how many roam the land,  
Pining for a crumb of bread !  
Raising famished eye and hand,  
Crave they fervent,—go unfed.

Lord, how many, many more,  
In heart's wound, in body's sore,  
Bear starvation's direst doom !  
Morsels of the gifts we waste  
They implore, as crushed, defaced,—  
On they totter to the tomb.

## III.

Let us not our basket hide,  
Lock and bolt and bar behind,  
From the needy who abide  
With us, and with patient mind,  
Zeal untired, their duty do ;  
Bountiful as they are true,  
Let us warm, ungrudging give ;  
And our store shall not be less,  
But increase from love's excess,—  
And we shall diviner live.

## IV.

Bless us in the Saviour's name,  
Thou who givest daily food ;  
Let us now Thy praise proclaim  
By our toil and hardihood.

Bless our striving, bless our deed,  
Bless our valour,—bless and lead.  
May want never, never steep  
Our hard, scanty bread in tears ;  
And while us abundance cheers,  
May we comfort those who weep.

## v.

When draws near the closing hour,  
And earth's food shrinks from our lips,  
Bread of life—Thy grace's power—  
Grant us in that dread eclipse.  
If our spirit we commend  
To Thee, God, our dearest Friend,  
We shall smile at death and pain ;  
And no more by sorrow wrung,  
And re-born,—for ever young,—  
Thine eternal banquet gain.

## HUSBANDMAN'S HYMN.

*HAMMERICH.*

I.



HARD and lowly lot is mine ;  
But, Lord, to Thee be praise,—  
I have a fatherland divine,  
A realm of cloudless days.  
While here with sweat and pain I till,  
As Adam tilled the ground,  
A glance above gives hearty will,—  
There my true home is found.

II.

For evermore I am not chained  
To earth's cold lifeless sod ;  
For me a heritage Christ gained,—  
The paradise of God.

Baptized, I pledge and promise got  
Of God's eternal care ;  
The seed was sown, can perish not,—  
A harvest grand shall bear.

## III.

O blessed Jesus, God's dear Son,  
Watch over my poor heart,  
That it the fatal tares may shun,  
Scattered by Satan's art.  
Give sunshine, rain, and fruitfulness ;  
Give beautiful increase.  
We know Thy cross's fierce distress  
Was man's immortal peace.

## IV.

My sheaves shall be by angels borne  
To heaven's granary ;  
I glad shall sing, though here forlorn,  
The harvest of the sky.  
Yea, God, the time to sow and reap  
On earth shall soon be o'er.  
Welcome, thou happy land,—I weep,  
I toil and sin no more.



## THE MARINER'S DEPARTURE.

*FRIMANN.*

I.



OUR dearest country, fare thee well ;  
Thy rugged heights, thy peaceful  
dales,  
May He watch o'er who never  
fails ;  
On land, on sea whose mercies dwell.  
O God, clasp to Thy shielding breast  
Our friends, our kindred, and our home ;  
May those we love be richly blest,—  
Be Thou their guardian while we roam.

II.

Our path of peril now we take  
Over the ocean's wildest waves ;

---

Down crush them to their deepest caves,—  
Their dark, devouring onset break.

Prosper our homeward way ; bless all  
Who dare the main for daily bread ;

Bless all who forth earth's bounties call,—  
By their own valiant toil are fed.

III.

Father, let peace and righteousness

Surround, sustain our noble king,

Who strives repose and joy to bring  
To his dear people, strives to bless

Like Thee, the King of kings. May we,  
Returning to our cherished land,

Find it still holy, glad, and free,—  
Find kindred, friends, a happy band.

## THE MARINER'S RETURN.

*FRIMANN.*

### I.



THOU didst Thy guidance give, Thy  
light ;

Thou ledst us with a Father's hand.

The sea rose, wrapped in grimmest  
night,

The storm engulfed the sky, the land ;

But, Father, Thou who rulest all,

Didst bid the angry sea to fall :

The sea obeyed its Maker's call.

### II.

When deep we sank in the abyss,

Who tore us from the tempest's frown ?

From death, who saved us when with hiss  
And howl the whirlpool dragged us down?  
And when we climbed the giddy mast,  
And mist and mirk were round us cast,  
Who gave us strength to scorn the blast?

## III.

'Twas Thou, our Father, Thou, our God!  
Thou lightenest our weary toil;  
Breakest affliction's heavy rod;  
Shieldest from danger, in turmoil  
Art weapon, way; the wilderness,  
Haunted by fear, dismay, distress,  
Thou canst sublime transfigure, bless.

## IV.

Our Guardian art Thou, out and in;  
Father, oh, hallowed be Thy name!  
Thou pardonest our blackest sin;  
Father, we glad Thy praise proclaim;  
And when again we leave the shore,  
Be with us as Thou wast before,  
In sweetest calm, in peril sore.

## THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

*THOMISSOEN.*

### I.



SWEETLY sleep, my child most  
dear,

Thine eyelids softly close ;  
Thy Father, God, is ever near  
To guard thee from thy foes.

### II.

Christ gave thee an eternal trust ;  
My child, Christ died for thee.  
Baptized in Christ, thou, sinful dust,  
Wast sealed with saints to be.

III.

To watch thy cradle round, He sends  
His angels from the skies ;  
Thine eyelids close,—thy best of friends,  
Thy God, hath sleepless eyes.

## CHILD'S HYMN.

*HJORT.*

I.



LET thanks and glory be to Thee ;  
A mother dear Thou gavest me,  
A father valiant, true, and kind.  
The world to me is all unknown ;  
Their counsel leaves me not alone,  
But leads my steps, weak, stumbling, blind.

II.

O God, Almighty God, compel  
My grateful heart to ponder well  
What to their tenderness I owe ;  
Yet what is this deep gratitude  
But gratitude to Thee, the Good ?  
Them loving, I the purer grow.

## III.

Grateful to them and Thee, I raise  
A child's warm, simple, earnest praise.  
Strength, solace, succour I implore ;  
My parents may I glad obey !  
They teach me what is wisdom's way,—  
They teach my spirit to adore.

## IV.

Give them the richest recompense,—  
A blessing beautiful, immense ;  
Prosper the labour of their hands.  
When age, infirmities draw near,  
Be nearer Thou, embolden, cheer ;  
Break poverty's, affliction's bands.

## V.

As faith and hope and joy and rest,  
Thou, holy God, dwell in their breast ;  
And while consoling sanctify ;  
And when Thou callest them away,  
Abodes of everlasting day  
Be theirs, their home Thy holy sky.



## HYMN OF THE SICK.

*KINGO.*

I.



GOD, my God, how long shall I  
Drag on a weary life ?  
How long bear speechless misery,  
Bear hours with anguish rife ?  
I mourn, I languish, and I pine ;  
Alas ! no earthly friend is mine,  
To help me in my strife.

II.

When bright the morning calleth all  
To labour and be glad,

I lie, pain's helpless, hopeless thrall,  
The saddest of the sad.  
When sweet the gloaming brings repose,  
And night sheds balm on human woes,  
Sleep flies my torture mad.

## III.

Affliction deep seems with me born,  
And, like a shadow's gloom,  
Is ever near ; my years forlorn  
Are darker than the tomb.  
The world forsakes me ; round I gaze  
In vain ; upon my coming days,  
Black crowding terrors loom.

## IV.

But be it, Father, as it may,  
I never shall despair ;  
In keenest grief I warmest pray ;  
I know I am Thy care.  
I hunger for the grand release,  
I clamour for death's holy peace,—  
My soul Thy rest shall share.

## V.

Earth, earthly things shall I forget,  
And all the pangs I bore;  
Why Thou didst send the bloody sweat,  
Why Thou didst try me sore,  
Thou shalt reveal; Thy holiness  
Shall I behold, Thy scourgings bless,  
And praise Thee evermore.

## VI.

Oh, hope sublime that comfort pours  
On my poor trembling heart!  
I hear Thy voice, my spirit soars,—  
How merciful Thou art!  
Oh, hail to Thee, my Father, hail,  
That I have trodden sorrow's vale,  
Been pierced by sorrow's dart!

## HYMN OF THE OLD.

*HYGOM.*

I.



AM old,—my hair is grey,  
And my limbs are weary, weak ;  
Age's day is sorrow's day,  
Age's day is gloomy, bleak ;  
All my body groweth frail,  
All my senses, spirits fail ;  
Oh, thy succour, Lord, I seek !

II.

Thou, O Lord, my refuge art,—  
Solace, Father, I implore ;  
Ever, O great loving heart,  
Thou hast helped me more and more :

Helped the little child unborn,  
Helped the newborn babe forlorn ;  
Soothe the old man's anguish sore.

## III.

Oh, forgive the old man's guilt,  
In Thy pity for his lot ;  
He on Thee his faith hath built,—  
Father, God, forsake him not ;  
Guard him, guide him in Thy ways ;  
Let him sing Thy deathless praise ;  
Glad atone for every blot.

## IV.

Consolation, hope, and trust  
Are my heritage from Thee.  
Raise me, raise me from the dust ;  
Give me peace, embolden me.  
Ere is ended earthly strife,  
Let me gain eternal life,  
And Thy joy eternal see.

## BOOKS OF POETRY.

---

I.

### The Hymns of Sweden.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH

By GILBERT TAIT.

Uniform with 'The Hymns of Denmark.'

*[In preparation.]*

II.

### The Hymns and Hymn-Writers of Germany.

The Hymns newly translated by GEORGE MACDONALD and  
others.

The Hymn-Writers by the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

2 Vols. post 8vo.

*[In preparation.]*

III.

### Paul Gerhardt's Spiritual Songs.

A NEW TRANSLATION, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL  
SKETCH.

By JOHN KELLY.

Small square 8vo, 5s.

IV.

### 'The Poetical Works of Henry Alford, D.D.,

Dean of Canterbury.

New and enlarged Edition.

Small 8vo, 5s.

---

STRAHAN & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL.

v.

## The Disciple,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, Author of 'Within and Without,' etc.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

---

vi.

## The Tragedies of Æschylus.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

By E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Professor of Divinity, King's College, London.

Uniform with the First Edition of 'The Tragedies of Sophocles.'

2 Vols., Crown 8vo.

[In the press.]

---

vii.

## The Tragedies of Sophocles.

A NEW TRANSLATION, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL  
ESSAY.

By E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A.

New Edition, with an Appendix of Rhymed Choruses.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"Let us say at once that Professor Plumptre has not only surpassed the previous translators of Sophocles, but has produced a work of singular merit, not less remarkable for its felicity than its fidelity; a really readable and enjoyable version of the old plays."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sophocles has certainly never before had an English dress half as simple and graceful, half so free from the disguise of artificial ornament or rhetorical ambition."—*Spectator*.

"Prefixed to it is one of the best lives of the poet we have ever read. . . . To scholarship and general accuracy, Mr. Plumptre adds a cultivated ear and an unusually poetical diction."—*Westminster Review*.

---

STRAHAN & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL.

VIII.

## Master and Scholar, etc. etc.

By E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

"'Master and Scholar' is worthy to be put on the same shelf with Heber, and Mr. Plumptre's own favourite, Keble."—*Westminster Review*.

"The present volume, of great outward and visible elegance, and of great inward and intellectual grace, offers abundant evidence of the author's poetical gifts."—*Illustrated London News*.

---

IX.

## Lazarus, and other Poems.

By E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

"Polished and often beautiful verse. . . . A scholar's reading of the religion of the times clothed in the rhythm and music of a poetical mind. . . . The gem of the book is Mr. Plumptre's striking translation of the Song of Deborah."—*Spectator*.

"Rich in the results of modern culture; . . . beyond mistake the outpourings of an earnest and affectionate mind."—*Guardian*.

---

X.

## Poems.

By DORA GREENWELL.

Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Here is a poet as true as George Herbert or Henry Vaughan or our own Cowper. We advise our readers to possess the book, and get the joy and the surprise of so much real thought and feeling. It is a cardiphonia set to music."—*North British Review*.

"Miss Greenwell is specially endowed as a writer of sacred poetry; and it is the rarest realm of all, with the fewest competitors for its crown."—*Athenæum*.

"Amongst volumes of verse lately given to the world, none has truer and richer poetical qualities than this."—*Nonconformist*.

---

XI.

## Duchess Agnes, etc.

By ISA CRAIG.

Small 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"In Miss Craig's poems we feel throughout a genuine harmony of conception, a musical feeling, a soft receptive temperament which renders like wax the living impressions made upon it."—*Spectator*.

"A book of verse which will certainly give Miss Craig a place among the sisterhood of living singers. . . . Miss Craig's poems are far above the average, and possess such kindly qualities as will carry them home to many who do not live by the sensational alone, but appreciate true feeling, however shy, —beauty, however subdued."—*Athenæum*.

---

STRAHAN & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL.



XII.

## London Poems.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

"We hardly know of any narrative poetry greater than is found in some of these sad and mourning lines . . . . These verses have been lived before they were written down."—*Athenæum*.

"What Wordsworth calls 'the power of hills' is on him, and the glory of nature gives a sweetness, a melody, and a melancholy to his verses. . . . In their way some of the finest poems of the present generation. . . . No volume has appeared for many years in London which so certainly announces a poetic fame."—*Spectator*.

XIII.

## Undertones.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Second and Enlarged Edition, 5s.

"The new edition contains new work, and the new work has a value of its own. Not only have little touches of warmth and colour been laid on the canvas in many places, perfecting the verse rather than changing it, but one noble and beautiful poem has been added to the 'Undertones.' This new poem is called the 'Syren.' It tells the story of a life with weird and wondrous power. . . . Shall we attempt to moralize the tale? In such a poem imagination is put to some of its highest uses. It is a rare expression of the poet's wealth that a poem so full of genius should have been flung, all but unnoticed, into a new edition."—*Athenæum*.

"The offspring of a true poet's heart and brain, they are full of imagination, fancy, thought, and feeling; of subtle perception of beauty, and harmonious expression."—*Daily News*.

XIV.

## Idyls and Legends of Inverburn.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Second and Enlarged Edition, 5s.

"As far as my judgment goes, this is genuine poetry; very sweet and noble in its feeling, very true and simple in expression."—*From Article on Robert Buchanan, by G. H. Lewes, in the Fortnightly Review*.

"We do not call to mind any volume of modern poetry so rich in tenderly told story, beautifully painted picture, and abundant spontaneous music."—*Illustrated Times*.

"A volume of genuine poetry of distinguished merit."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

XV.

## Lights Through a Lattice.

By J. E. A. BROWN.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

STRAHAN & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL.

## The Year of Praise ;

BEING HYMNS, WITH TUNES, FOR THE SUNDAYS  
AND HOLYDAYS OF THE YEAR.

Intended for use in Canterbury Cathedral, and adapted for  
Cathedral and Parish Churches generally.

Edited by HENRY ALFORD, D.D.,  
Dean of Canterbury ;

Assisted in the Musical Part by ROBERT HAKE, M.A., Precentor, and  
THOMAS EVANCE JONES, Organist, of Canterbury Cathedral.

\* \* This Book contains four Hymns for every Sunday in the  
year, the first Hymn in each case being adapted, as an Introit, to the  
special subject of the Sunday.

---

For public convenience, THE YEAR OF PRAISE is issued in  
four forms, namely :—

- I. LARGE TYPE, with MUSIC. Imperial 16mo, price 3s. 6d.
  - II. SMALL TYPE, with MUSIC. Crown 8vo, price 1s. 6d.
  - III. LARGE TYPE, without MUSIC. Small 8vo, price 1s.
  - IV. SMALL TYPE, without MUSIC. Demy, 18mo, price 6d.
- 

STRAHAN & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL.

## DEVOTIONAL AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

---

I.

Cloth antique, 1s. 6d.

### Personal Piety ;

A HELP TO CHRISTIANS TO WALK WORTHY OF  
THEIR CALLING.

II.

Cloth antique, 1s. 6d.

### The Sunday Evening Book for Family Reading.

III.

Cloth Antique, 1s. 6d.

### Aids to Prayer.

IV.

Small 8vo, cloth antique, 3s. 6d.

### Christian Companionship for Retired Hours.

V.

Small 8vo, 3s. 6d.

### Conversion.

By the Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR.

VI.

Small 8vo, 1s. 6d.

### The Higher Christian Life.

By the Rev. W. E. BOARDMAN.

VII.

Small 8vo, 1s. 6d.

### The Way Home.

By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK.

---

STRAHAN & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL.

VIII.

Small 8vo, 1s.

**Blind Bartimeus, and his Great Physician.**

By the Rev. W. G. HOGE.

IX.

Small 8vo, 1s.

**The Still Hour.**

By AUSTIN PHELPS.

X.

Small 8vo, 2s. 6d.

**Man's Renewal.**

By AUSTIN PHELPS, Author of 'The Still Hour.'

XI.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

**The Treasure-book of Devotional Reading.**

Edited by BENJAMIN ORME, M.A.

XII.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

**Life Thoughts.**

By HENRY WARD BEECHER, D.D.

XIII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

**Royal Truths.**

By HENRY WARD BEECHER, D.D.

XIV.

Small 8vo.

**Prayers in the Congregation.**

By HENRY WARD BEECHER, D.D.

---

STRAHAN & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL.

XV.

Cloth antique, 1s. 6d.

## The Pathway of Promise.

XVI.

Small 8vo, 2s. 6d.

## Able to Save;

OR, ENCOURAGEMENT TO PATIENT WAITING,

By the Author of 'The Pathway of Promise.'

XVII.

Small 8vo, 2s. 6d.

## The Throne of Grace.

By the Author of 'The Pathway of Promise.'

XVIII.

Sewed, 6d.

## Address to his Parishioners.

By the Author of 'The Pathway of Promise.'

XIX.

## The Year of Prayer;

BEING FAMILY PRAYERS FOR THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

By HENRY ALFORD, D.D.,

Dean of Canterbury.

There are Two Editions of this book,—one for heads of Families, 3s. 6d., and a smaller one for the other Members of the Household, 1s. 6d.

XX.

32mo, 1s. 6d.

## Daily Devotions

FOR CHILDREN.

By MRS. G. W. HINSDALE.

---

STRAHAN & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL.





